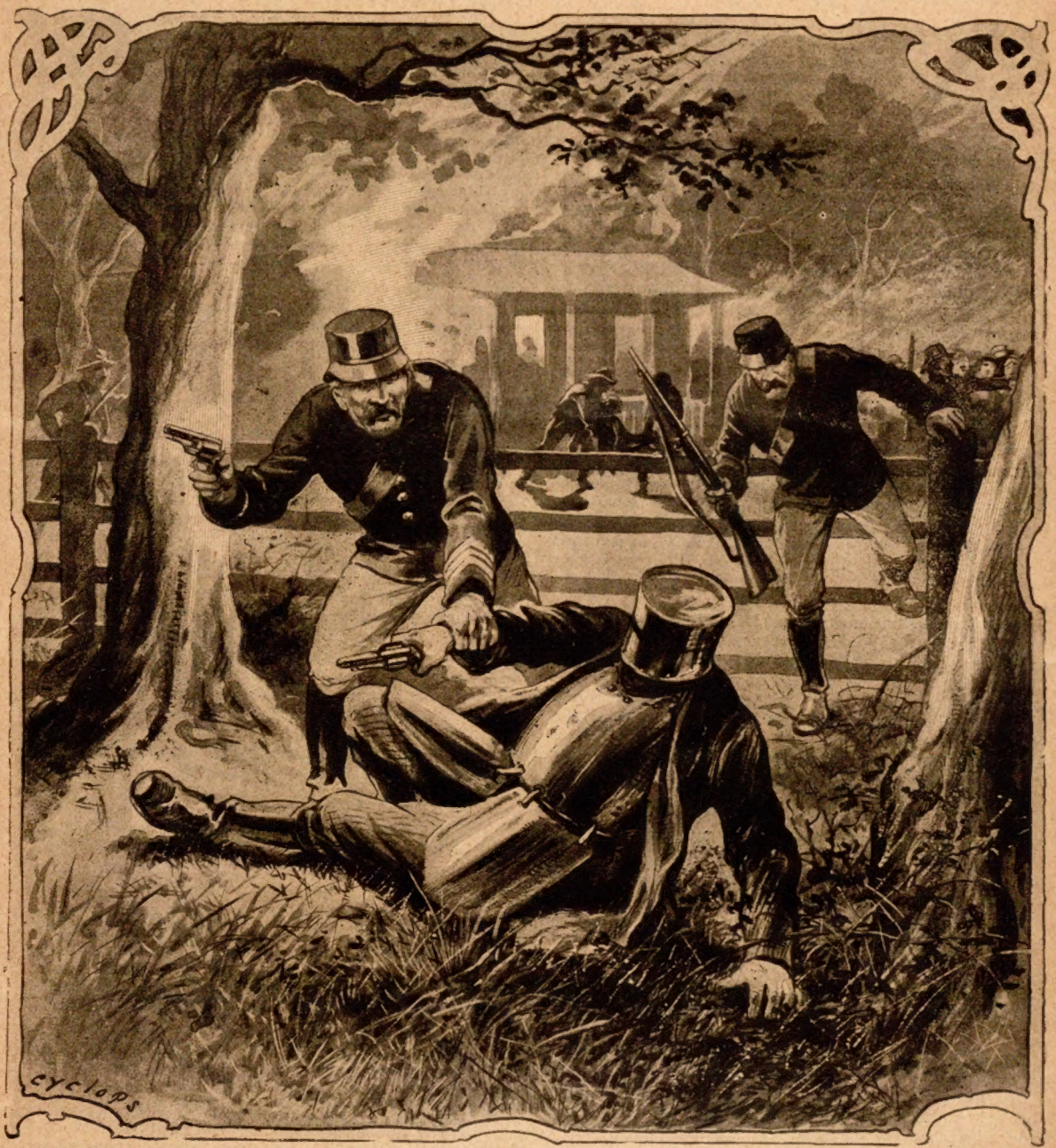
POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY



THE CAPTURE OF NED KELLY.

Vol. V.—No. 55.

THE MOST DARING AUSTRALIAN CRIMINAL.

"Fearless and fierce, and hard as beasts of blood;
They stand a speck amid the peopled plain;
Carnage and ruin have been made their food
From infancy—ill has become their good,
And for its hateful sake their will has wove
The chains which eat their hearts."

—SHELLEY, "The Revolt of Islam," Canto iv.

PART II.

WHILE all Australia rang with the exploits of the Kelly gang, the police redoubled their efforts to capture them. Finding themselves hampered and impeded at every turn by the avowed sympathisers of the bushrangers, they had recourse at last to treachery amongst Ned Kelly's friends.

There was one young fellow who, they knew, could assist them if he would. His name was Aaron Sheritt. He had been a member of the horse stealing gang, of which Ned Kelly was the moving spirit, and after the latter was outlawed he was more in the confidence of the Kelly gang than any other bushman. Moreover, he was the head of the system of "bush telegraphs," and as such knew the movements of the many patrols of police as well as the authorities at Melbourne Everything was reported to him, and he in turn kept Ned Kelly posted as to the latest actions of the police Ned Kelly placed absolute confidence in this man, and for a long time after he turned informer the gang contined to trust him. An old woman found out he was a traitor; and then he was killed. But this in its due course.

The reward of £400 for the capture of the outlaws was raised later to £800, and this sum was offered to Sheritt if he would betray his friends. The bribe proved too great for his sense of loyalty. He consented. And then the police themselves went into hiding in the bush. One party watched Ned Kelly's house for weeks without being detected by anyone, while another party patrolled the country more openly. These latter were often led a dance by Kelly's sisters. The name of Kate Kelly, the most famous of the women, has been enshrined in song, and to this day her exploits in defence of her brothers are commemorated in stirring chorus wherever bushmen forgather round the station fires at night, or navvies pitch their tiny tents when working on a new railway.

She was a handsome, bold, reckless girl, a consummate horsewoman, with the lawless spirit of her kin, and glorying in her brothers' audacity. Her name will not soon be forgotten amongst the Victorian police force! How many men she fooled it would be hard to say. Often, when the police thought they were watching the house unobserved, Kate Kelly would come out before them dressed in her riding habit, and peep cautiously about to see, by the way, if the coast was clear. Then she would saddle a horse, place a pack upon his back, with clothes and food for her brothers, mount quickly, and gallop towards the mountains at a breakneck pace. The troopers, perhaps tired after a long vigil, would hastily mount and race after her. Up hill and down dale, for twenty miles or more, Kate Kelly would gallop along, never slackening speed, and never looking behind. At last she would disappear in a dip in the forest, and when the police searched the spot, tired and thirsty, and their horses quite exhausted, they would find the fair Kate sitting on the ground with a thumb to her nose, and her saddle transferred from her tired horse to a fresh thoroughbred, left there by her instructions the day before. Then she would mount again and gallop home, leaving the troopers in a sorry frame of mind, without food for themselves, or bait, perhaps, for their cattle.

Meantime, Ned Kelly, sitting half a mile from the police in the early morning, would see them start, and then spend the day at home.

Ned Kelly's sympathisers were everywhere. Sometimes the police had reason to believe that he would visit a particular house. Accordingly, they would form a cordon round it, and spend the night on the watch. In the early morning the owner would come out and let loose all his dogs. These would scour the bush, and then a sudden yelp proclaimed the fact that a man in uniform had been discovered. Then "cooeys" and cat-calls would ring out all over the valley. A night wasted! Nothing to do now but to retire. Ned Kelly, waiting for the signal, was on his way back to his hiding-place. Sometimes he waited until sure that the police had gone. Then he visited his friends. If, having gone some miles, they doubled back to catch him, the bush spies on their track telegraphed back the news of their return. And Ned Kelly would be a couple of miles distant when they reached the homestead again. He always kept a fresh horse saddled, and he was always ready for the road. For this singular bushranger was as temperate as a Spartan.

The new year began, and people had ceased to look for news of fresh outrages by the outlaws, when suddenly excitement was again raised to fever pitch by another robbery even more audacious than the last.

The town of Jerilderie is about sixty miles from the Murray river on the New South Wales side of the borderline, and was even more flourishing than Euroa at the time it was visited by the Kelly gang. It had three hotels, a police station, with two mounted constables—Devine and Richards—a telegraph station, and a branch office of the Bank of New South Wales. Late in the evening of Saturday, February 9, 1879, Constable Devine, lying in his bed at the police station, was aroused by a man shouting out loudly that a murder had been committed at Davidson's Hotel, which was close to the barracks.

Devine and Richards jumped out of their beds and flung open the door. They were instantly covered by revolvers.

"No larks!" Ned Kelly cried. "There are four of us here. Give up the keys of the cells."

Devine handed them over.

"March along now," said Ned, with a chuckle. "We

They were instantly covered by revolvers.

outlaws are going to lock you bobbies up." And, sure enough, they put them in the cells, and turned the key.

Then they led their horses into the police stables, groomed and fed them, made their beds, and left them comfortable for the night. Mrs. Devine, the wife of Constable Devine, came out to see what the noise was about.

"I'm Ned Kelly," said that cool bushranger. "We have locked up your husband and the other man. Give us some supper, and then go back to bed. We won't harm you."

They had a good meal, and then they slept in the barrack-room. They were up early next morning. Calling to Mrs. Devine, Ned Kelly bade her go about her work, and warned her what the consequences to her husband would be if she gave the alarm. So the poor woman went in and out of the police station as usual, and no one suspected that anything was amiss. After breakfast Ned interviewed the policemen.

"I want four uniforms," he said. "People may suspect something is wrong if they see no police about the town." So before long young Dan and Steve Hart were parading up and down the street with solemn faces and regulation step. While so engaged, they saw Ned, also in uniform, and Mrs. Devine going to the church. For it was Mrs. Devine's duty to make all things ready for service on Sundays, and Ned Kelly was determined that she should attend there as usual, lest her absence might give rise to comment. Meantime, Joe Byrne, also in uniform, lounged about the door of the police station, and idly watched the people passing by.

So went the Sunday morning. In the afternoon Joe Byrne and Steve Hart took Constable Richards out for a constitutional! The genuine constable's feelings can be more easily imagined than described as he walked between the two outlaws dressed up like himself. Ned Kelly had sent them out to study the position of the bank and the adjacent buildings, and in about an hour's time they returned with the information he required. Then the bushrangers spent the rest of the evening discussing the plans they would adopt next day.

On Monday morning the four outlaws dressed again in uniform. Joe Byrne took two of the horses to be shod by the police farrier, and when this was done they were ready to rob the bank. So Ned Kelly and his brother Dan walked down to Mr. Cox's hotel, with the unhappy Constable Richards between them. This hotel was close to the bank.

Mr. Cox, seeing, as he thought, three constables enter his bar, became very jocular, but his mirth was soon cut short.

Ned Kelly beckoned to him, and he advanced.

"Who am I, Constable Richards?" Ned Kelly asked the policeman.

"Ned Kelly, the outlaw," replied the policeman ruefully.

"That is so," said Ned. "My mates and I have been in possession of the police station since Saturday night. I intend to rob the bank here, but I don't mean to hurt anyone. You and your customers, however, must all go into the dining-room. Now, lead the way."

There were several men in the bar at the time, and they all flocked into the dining-room at his bidding. Joe Byrne and Steve Hart had now reached the hotel, and the latter was put on guard over them. Then the other three outlaws went to the bank.

There were three bank officials—Mr. Jarleton (the manager), Mr. Living (the accountant), and Mr. Mackin (the sub-accountant). When the gang entered the bank Mr. Living was the only one on duty. Mr. Jarleton was in his bath, and Mr. Mackin came in shortly afterwards.

They seized the three of them and took them to the hotel. Many customers came into the bank during the morning to transact business, and these they seized also. In all there must have been about fifty people in the

The old woman withdraws noiselessly.

dining-room of the hotel by two o'clock. Ned Kelly made an exhaustive search of the bank premises, and collected altogether a sum not less than £2,100. Then the outlaws chatted amicably with their prisoners for some time, after which they took Constable Richards back to the

police station and locked him up again. While Ned Kelly and Joe Byrne galloped away with the booty, Dan Kelly and Steve Hart "held up" the town with their revolvers. And when the leaders had got a fair start, they too, rode away just as night was falling, and pursuit became impossible. Such was the Jerilderie raid. A more carefully-devised and more daring bank robbery has never been perpetrated.

But what were the sensations of the police and the public next morning when the Melbourne Press announced the news under startling head lines? Sad to relate, the custodians of the peace became the laughing-stock of the colony. Even the most sober-minded of the community enjoyed the absurdity of the thing. Men began to think a little kindly of Ned Kelly, who, since the fatal affair at the Stringy Back Ranges, had never sacrificed human life, had always kept a promise when made, and had been invariably courteous to women. As for the lawless classes, they almost worshipped him.

All else having failed, the police sent accordingly to Queensland for a supply of "black trackers." Meantime, they worked to catch the gang, with the assistance of Aaron Sheritt. As they had suffered so many rebuffs at the hands of Ned Kelly's relations, they determined to devote their energies rather to the families of the other outlaws, and for weeks they lay in hiding in the hills near Joe Byrne's homestead. Aaron Sheritt was with them, and this led to his death.

Old Mrs. Byrne, anxious for her son's safety, was continually on the watch. Aaron Sheritt was engaged to Joe Byrne's sister, while he meant, if possible, to betray the brother, and, as an acknowledged suitor, he used frequently to go down to the homestead while he was in hiding with the troopers. Mrs. Byrne told him that she suspected the police were about, and, of course, he tried to reassure her. But the women intuitively scented danger. So she was for ever walking about the large paddocks, and studying the hills anxiously.

LIKE SLEUTH-HOUNDS IN THE BUSH.

The gang disappeared as usual, and the public learnt nothing more about them for over a year. Sensational rumours, of course, were always in circulation, and panics were of weekly occurrence all over the colony. But of direct information there was none. Another agency had now been brought into action, however, which was finally to cause their destruction.

The Queensland blacks are without exception the most skilful man-hunters in the world. Their knowledge of tropical nature borders almost on the wonderful. When once put on the track of a fugitive, they can run him down through hundreds of miles as surely as a hound can follow the scent of a fox. In the case of the Kelly gang they were able to point to a spot where four days before the bushrangers had laid their saddles on the hard ground, though none of the bushmen present could detect any signs whatever. It is a common thing for an employer to tell one of these Queensland natives to follow him in a couple of hours. And, no matter where the master goes or how much he changes his path, "the black fellow" will be standing by his side at the allotted time.

At last one day she spied a small, bright object glistening in the sunlight high up on the hill facing the homestead. In all her life at Woolshed she had never noticed it before. So she determined to investigate. Slowly and with great difficulty she climbed the mountain side, and found that the glittering object was a sardine-tin. Ah, then, she was right! The troopers were camping out there—who else would be? So she determined to make sure. Creeping cautiously to the crest of the hill, she saw the figure of a man lying in the grass. She approached on tip-toe. It was Aaron Sheritt, sound asleep, with his head resting on his arm. The old woman withdrew noiselessly. The police about, and Sheritt sleeping there! Traitor! traitor!

A policeman, who had been watching the old woman, awoke Sheritt, and told him what had happened. His face became clammy with fear. He went down at once to the homestead and saw the old woman, but she did not betray her feelings. She was biding her time. And Sheritt, hoping she did not connect his presence on the hill with the constabulary, returned to tell them what had

passed between him and the old woman. He wanted them to stay on, but they saw the futility of doing so. Accordingly they went away.

Some weeks passed, and the black trackers had landed in Melbourne, and now were like sleuth-hounds in the bush, The Kelly gang were at last kept continually on the move. The constant strain and suspense began to tell. And Ned, who had all the brains and all the inventive faculty, was hard set to devise a scheme by which he might baffle his enemies. He looked things squarely in the face. That he must some day have a hand-to-hand encounter with the police had now become inevitable. Before, he could elude them; any night now, no matter how clever his lair, the blacks might track him down. And if they and the police appeared—what then? To surrender meant death for the gang. That was certain. The law would have his life. Very well, then. As no compromise was possible, he would fight to the bitter end. If bloodshed followed, and probably there would be a great deal of it, let others look to themselves. He would live if he could. If either the police or he must die—let it be the police. He had now become a desperate man, and resolved to take desperate means to ensure his own safety. His appalling situation was, of course, the consequence of his own crime when he committed murder. Every fresh outrage was only another stain. Ned Kelly was a murderer. One may have some pity for him, but no right-thinking man can condone his misdeeds. Yet, to understand his actions, we must do him the justice to grasp his situation and his motives. Then only can we judge.

Driven to bay at last, the celebrated outlaw decided on two things. First, he would arm himself and his comrades so that they could wage a victorious battle with an overwhelming number of the police. Secondly, he would kill every black tracker who dared to follow him, and so strike such terror into the dusky hearts of those who might subsequently be imported from Queensland that they would not have the courage to pursue him. Accordingly, in order to attain the first object, he negotiated with a friendly blacksmith for four complete suits of armour. They were rudely fashioned out of ploughshares, each of them to cover the body and face, and were duly delivered. With these, and a proper supply of ammunition, Ned Kelly and his companions felt prepared to face forty or fifty policemen.

In the month of June, 1880, and shortly after he had received the armour, Ned Kelly heard of Sheritt's treachery. Sheritt had just been married, but not to Joe Byrne's sister. She had jilted him. Ned decided on his death, and, wishing to strike a blow at the black trackers as well, made plans by which he could entrap them as a consequence of Sheritt's murder. The towns of Benalla and Glenrowan are at some distance from one another. Sheritt lived near Benalla. Now, the outlaw knew from past experience that as soon as the authorities at Melbourne heard of Sheritt's death, a train with police and trackers would be at once despatched to the scene of the outrage—namely, Benalla. But the train, in order to reach Benalla, would have to pass through Glenrowan. Kelly determined, therefore, to destroy the railway line between the two places, and attack the police when the train was upset. Being clad in armour, they could not injure him, or, at least, the risk would be minimised, as they could only hit him in the legs or arms. And if he succeeded in slaying all the black trackers, he could not only escape with impunity, but also be probably freed from the attentions of their kind for ever afterwards. He told his plan to the other members of the gang, and they unanimously adopted it.

Accordingly, a few days later on they moved towards Benalla. Dan Kelly and Joe Byrne were selected to slay Sherett. They hid near his house throughout the day, and captured a passer-by. They compelled this man to accompany them when night fell, and to call out to Sheritt to tell him the direction to Benalla, when they reached the house. In response to the call in a strange voice, Sheritt opened the door. Dan Kelly fired and wounded him. Then, following him into the house, he shot him dead. The outlaws then mounted, and rode rapidly away.

Meantime, Ned Kelly and Joe Byrne had pushed on to the outskirts of Glenrowan. There they spent the night, and towards morning they were joined by the two other outlaws. About ten o'clock they rode into Glenrowan and seized the police station. Making the stationmaster and some platelayers come with them, they went down the line towards Benalla for a couple of hundred yards, where there was a steep incline, and there they made the men pull up the metals. Then, returning to the town, which was very small, they made all the inhabitants gather together in the hotel, which stood back some distance from the railway, so that they could keep them all under surveillance, and so prevent any communication with the police.

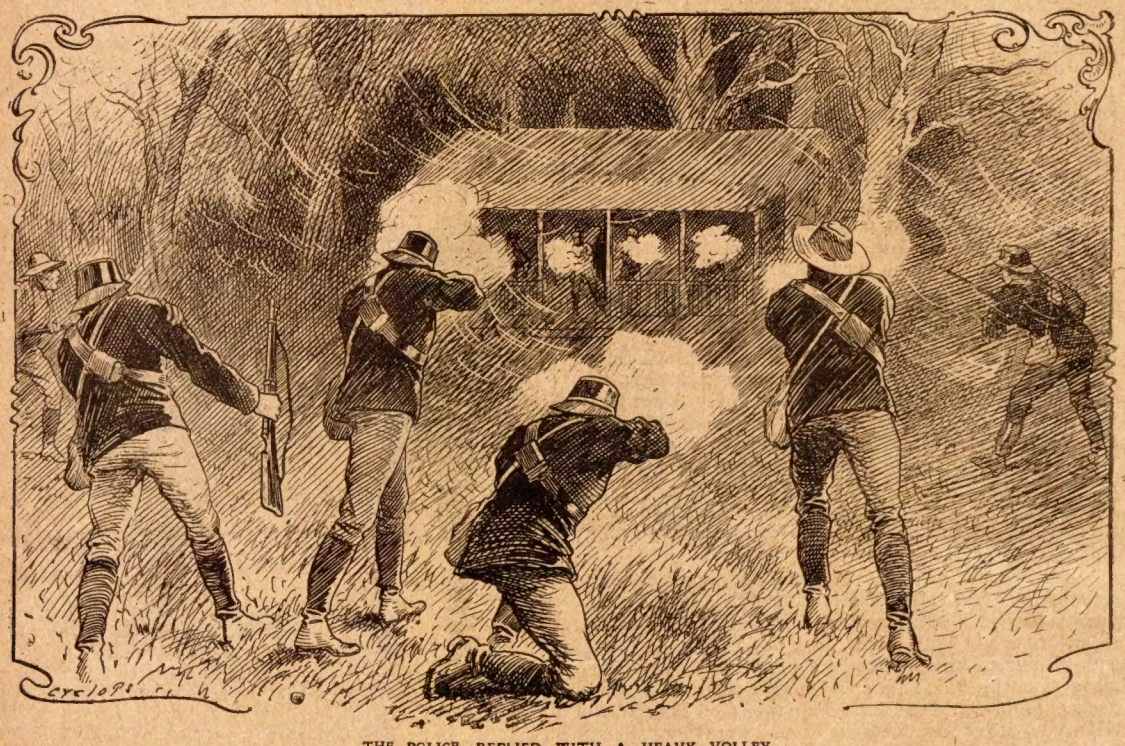
As Ned Kelly had anticipated, a train with police and black-trackers was despatched from Melbourne as soon as the news of Sheritt's murder arrived. This was late in the evening, however, and it was near midnight as the train reached Glenrowan. The force was under the command of a very able officer, Superintendent F. A. Hare, who had captured the bushranger Power, years before. Under his directions the train travelled slowly, and as it approached Glenrowan, the driver put on the brake, seeing a danger-signal in front in the middle of the metals. The police jumped out, and cautiously walked towards the station. The man giving the signal turned out to be the stationmaster, who, at great personal risk, had escaped from the hotel in time to warn the in-coming travellers of their danger. In a few hurried words he told the police of the premeditated outrage on the line, and that the bushrangers were in the hotel. Then, fearful for his life, and expecting every moment to hear the murderous discharge of rifles, he disappeared in the darkness.

Dan Kelly fired and wounded him.

Superintendent Hare gathered his men around him, and, after giving them their instructions, they approached the hotel, spreading out like a fan as they drew near. They were all intensely excited. Had the moment come at last when they could seize or shoot their prey?

Ned Kelly, listening in the hotel, had heard the approach of the train, and had been startled to find that it did not run through the station. It had come, in any case, sooner than he had expected, or he and his gang would have been down on the line waiting for the inevitable catastrophe. What was he to do? He could, of course, mount and ride away. But of what use would that be? The black trackers would soon be on the scent. And he had them here now if he could deal with them. He determined to hold the hotel and shoot down every man he could, until they fled in fright.

Quickly donning their armour, the four bushrangers stepped out on to the verandah of the hotel with loaded rifles. And it was only at this crucial moment that the outlaws discovered that if their coats of mail were a protection they were also a hindrance. For, clad in them, they could not bring the rifle to the shoulder. They had to fire with arms extended. Had it been otherwise Ned Kelly's bold policy would have been absolutely successful.



THE POLICE REPLIED WITH A HEAVY VOLLEY.

The police could not possibly have stood long against the fire of four such able marksmen, who were themselves impervious to a bullet.

Then followed what has since been known as the battle of Glenrowan. The date was June 27, 1880. As the police stealthily crept near four shots rang out, and Superintendent Hare was wounded in the wrist. The police replied with a heavy volley, and the screams of the women and children were an agonising answer. The hotel was made of wood; the bullets had gone through, and two children were wounded severely.

Some of the more experienced in the hotel advised the people to lie down, which they did, and so they remained during the night. Meantime, the police had drawn back a little; Superintendent Hare had had to retire, and for some minutes there was a lull. Reinforcements were telegraphed for, and in a few hours' time large bodies of police were converging on Glenrowan. The troopers on the spot surrounded the hotel, and, having entrenched themselves, they opened fire again. The outlaws replied, and during the night a brisk fusillade was kept up. When morning broke the police were in force, and many hundreds of spectators quickly gathered on the scene. Amongst them was Kate Kelly, scornful and defiant to the last.

As the sun rose the police became aware that they were being attacked in the rear. Bullets whistled dangerously near, and many of them had to find better cover. A man, whom they at first took for a black, stalked from tree to tree discharging and reloading a revolver. It was Ned Kelly, in his celebrated coat of armour. He had been wounded in the foot the night before at the same time as Superintendent Hare, and, being unable to regain the hotel in time, he had slipped through the cordon of police and had lain on the outskirts during the night. But why did he not mount a horse and escape? He could have done so without difficulty; his foot permitted of his walking, it would only have caused him some inconvenience in the saddle. The reason must be set down to his credit. He would not escape himself while his comrades were in danger. He knew that in all human probability they could not get free, and he preferred to share their fate.

The police opened a heavy fire upon him, and he did not seek shelter. He stalked about, firing frequently, and laughing in derision as he was struck. Sometimes he would stagger a little, but he never fell. He seemed to bear a charmed life. For an hour or more a continual fire was rained upon him without effect. Then a very plucky man, Sergeant Steele, creeping carefully from tree to tree, got within a few yards of him. The sergeant fired two shots at the outlaw's legs, both of which took effect, and Ned Kelly fell to the ground. Rushing in as Ned Kelly strove to sit up, Sergeant Steele grasped his revolver, and the greatest of all Australian bushrangers was helpless and a captive. When examined he was found to have sustained four wounds, and his rough breastplate was dented with the marks of thirty bullets.

As Ned Kelly fell the men, women, and children in the hotel rushed in a body into the open air, and down towards the police. The troopers were on the alert at once. Some of the outlaws might be with them. So the

fugitives were directed to make for a certain spot, where they were all examined before permitted to go free. The police now determined to burn down the hotel, and Senior-constable Johnstone advanced to the building with an armful of straw, which he set alight before returning to the ranks. As the straw blazed up there was a shout that an old man named Skerry was lying wounded and helpless in the hotel. Hearing this, a brave priest, Father Tierney, dashed forward, amidst the loud plaudits of the people, saying he would save him. He disappeared into the burning building, and Constable Armstrong and other policemen, infected by this high display of courage, ran also to the rescue.

After some minutes of great anxiety, they were seen to emerge, bearing not only poor old Skerry, who died a little afterwards, but also the dead body of the outlaw Byrne. He had been shot during the fusilade the night before, and had succumbed to his injury after some hours of extreme agony. While this exciting drama was drawing to a close at Glenrowan, a 12lb. Armstrong gun was being dragged through the streets of Melbourne in charge of a detachment of garrison artillery, and, being placed upon the railway at Spencer Street, it was despatched without delay. But it was not required. The hotel was soon in ashes, and then the charred skeletons of Dan Kelly and Steve Hart were found lying side by side.

The scene in the streets of Melbourne when Ned Kelly arrived baffles description. He bore himself quietly, showing no trace of bravado then or afterwards. After some weeks he recovered from his wounds, and, being placed upon his trial, was found guilty, and sentenced to death. After the sentence there was a strong reaction of public opinion in his favour, and a meeting of several thousands of the Melbourne citizens, presided over by one of the best known members of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria, a resolution was passed, petitioning for a commutation of the death penalty. A petition bearing 30,000 signatures was subsequently presented to the authorities, but, after careful reflection, they decided that in the interests of justice the outlaw should die.

Accordingly, Ned Kelly was hung at Melbourne on November 11, 1880. He died as a man should.

THE END.

Knights of the Noose.

RECORDS OF SOME FAMOUS HANGMEN.

PUBLIC Executioner Dun held the office in 1664, and long after his time the executioner went by that name. Butler, the humorist, published, in 1663, a book called "Proposals for Farming Liberty of Conscience." Amongst other "resolutions" which the book contained was this one:

> "Resolved, that a day of solemn fasting be; and that among other things we pray to be delivered from the hand of *Dun*, that uncircumcised Philistine."

The predecessor of Dun was named Gregory, who also was alluded to by poets and humorists. In "A Tragic Comedy," acted in 1641, two characters are referred to thus:

> "This trembles under the black rod, and he
> Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree."

A humorous paper, "The Parliament Kite," published in 1648, alludes to this hangman:

> "What would you say to see them fall
> With both their houses vile?
> Because they have deceived us all,
> Now *Gregory* they'll beguile!"

A scurvy trick was played on Sir William Segar, Garter-King-at-Arms. An official named Brook induced Sir William (by some clever artifice) to confirm a grant of arms to one Gregory Brandon. Judge of the disgust of Garter-King-at-Arms when he found he had thus honoured the common hangman of London.

Charles Colton, the famous angler and adopted son of Izaak Walton, refers to Dun in his "Virgil Travestie," published in 1670:

> "Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
> And presently an halter got,
> Made of the best string hempen teer,
> And ere a cat could lick her ear,
> Had tied it up, with as much art
> As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

Dun was succeeded by the more famous Jack Ketch, who left his name to his successors for many a long year.

Butler alluded to this executioner in the lines:

> "*Ketch*, observing he was chous'd,
> And in his profits much abused,
> In open hall the tribute dunn'd,
> To do his office, or refund."

This, of course, was an allusion to the execution of Charles I. The unfortunate king was not put to death by the regular executioner, but by some unknown person disguised by a mask.

We come now to mention another famous, or, rather, infamous executioner. In the time of Charles II. a father and his two sons, named Crosland, were tried at Derby Assizes for horse-stealing. All were found guilty, and the bench of judges, in a cruel whim, said they would pardon any one of the criminals who would consent to hang the other two. This barbarous offer was first made to the father, who indignantly refused it. "What!" said he, "a father hang his two sons! Can I consent to take away the life I gave? Shall I put to a cruel death the boys I have cherished, and who to me have been dearer than life itself? No, no! Let me suffer a hundred deaths first!"

The elder son was then asked if he would put to death his father and his younger brother, and so save his own life.

"No!" said he. "Life is the most valued of all possessions, but even life may be purchased too dear. I cannot keep my own life by taking the life of him to whom I owe my existence. How could I face the world? How could I endure MYSELF, the only one left of a family I had destroyed?"

Here was a reply in which honour, love, and reason were combined.

The offer was then made to John, the youngest son, who accepted it with an avidity which seemed to say, "I would hang father, brother, you judges, and half creation to save my own neck."

Without compassion, without remorse, he performed the awful task, so coolly, so dexterously, that he was appointed to the post of hangman for Derby and two or three neighbouring counties. This office he held to an extreme old age. He was heartless and cruel to the last. He openly rejoiced at a murder which would bring him a guinea, and in court chuckled with glee when he heard a poor wretch sentenced to death. The bodies of the dead were his perquisites, and he gloated like a ghoul over his ghastly "property," which he would only relinquish to sorrowing friends after a hardly-driven bargain.

Loving nobody, hated by all, he spent a hideous old age, only sorrowing that he had not the strength, as he had the will, to put his fellow-men to death. The children pelted him in the street, and long after he died, in 1705, mothers frightened naughty boys into quietness with the detested name, "John Crosland."

Charlton of Carlisle

How William Charlton, an Engine driver, murdered an old woman of seventy-two, to obtain a trifling sum of money which she had saved in order to procure for herself a decent funeral.

"For many a soul to Hell is sold
Through nought but a little lust for gold."
—GUY LOGAN, "The Devil's Idol."

A MURDER committed a short distance from the pleasant old town of Carlisle in the year 1861 created more interest and excitement than the rather sordid circumstances of the case deserved. There was nothing very unusual or romantic about this crime, prompted, as it was, by the most ignoble of motives—that of greed; but it presented features, nevertheless, which removed it from the merely commonplace. It was a murder of a particularly brutal type—the act more of an ignorant savage than of a reasoning being, yet considerable effort was made, for no discoverable reason, to rescue the miscreant from the fate he had so merited. A great portion of the public appeared to think that his guilt had not been quite clearly established, and a deal of sympathy—of a sort—was wasted on the condemned man. As often happens in such cases, the sympathisers were made to look remarkably silly at the last by reason of a full confession of his guilt being made by the criminal. The jury—after a very lengthy consultation—had recommended the prisoner to mercy, and this fact excited some adverse criticism at the time, for it was agreed that if he were really guilty, nothing could be advanced to palliate his guilt, and hence the jury must have entertained some doubt as to the justice of their verdict when they recommended to clemency so brutal a murderer. The case, though resting merely on circumstantial evidence, seems clear enough to anyone analysing it at this lapse of time, apart from the man's confession, and, as he made a very determined effort to shift the responsibility of guilt on to the shoulders of another, one cannot but agree that William Charlton richly deserved his fate. The murder is still remembered by the proverbial "old inhabitant" at Carlisle, and at my last visit to the Cumberland town I was shown the identical place where it took place—a sufficiently solitary spot, though no more than three quarters of a mile from the town.

The victim, Jane Emmerson, was foully murdered on the 21st of November 1861. She lived in a lonely cottage close by the side of the Newcastle and Carlisle Railway, at a place called Dunan Hill. At this spot the highway crosses the railroad on a level, and it was the duty of the old woman to look after the gates at the crossing and to keep the signal lamps lighted at night.

Mrs. Emmerson was a widow and well known in the neighbourhood, where she had resided many years. Though fairly strong and hearty for her years, she was considered of rather an eccentric character, being somewhat odd in manner and peculiar in her habits, but she was quite capable of taking care of herself and of fulfilling her duties. It was popularly supposed that she had saved money, and she herself rather strengthened this supposition by vague references to hidden wealth and by sly allusions to having "enough brass to bury her decent with." Altogether, Mrs. Emmerson's character and mode of living made her not at all an unlikely subject for the attack of some tramp or robber, but she never expressed any such fears, and lived, quite alone, in perfect serenity and confidence.

It was her duty, after the last train at night had passed, to open the gates across the highway and close them across the railway. On the night of the 21st of November, the last engine passed the Dunan Hill crossing at about a quarter to ten p.m. The driver of this train or solitary engine—I am not clear which it was—observed the usual signal light burning close by a small cabin, which is on the side of the railway opposite to the cottage where the deceased lived. A person who passed, however, about half-past ten observed no such light, and it was believed that the murder which I am about to describe was committed, in all probability, after a quarter to ten o'clock and before half-past ten. The first train in the morning, at that time, left Carlisle at 4.15, and on the morning after the murder the engine-driver of that train noticed that the gate was not shut across the line. It was conjectured that some person must have put back that gate before the early train was due, for a man named Hind, who passed over the line at about twenty minutes to twelve at night, observed that the gates were shut across the line and he was able to swear to that rather important fact afterwards. However, the discovery was made at half-past five on the morning of the 22nd of November.

At that hour a man named Blaylock, a platelayer, was going to his work on the line and he had to pass quite close to the old woman's dwelling. It was a dark, forbidding sort of morning, and when Blaylock tripped over some large object lying right across his path, it was not until he had struck a light that he could be quite sure what it was. Then he was shocked and startled to find that the stumbling block was the body of a woman, whom a moment's examination enabled him to identify as that of poor Mrs. Emmerson. She was lying dead in a great pool of blood, a few yards—eight or nine at the most—from her cottage. He immediately ran along the line towards the station to give the alarm, and soon a small crowd of railway people, together with a couple of constables from the town, assembled on the spot. A medical man was summoned, and he proceeded to make a cursory examination of the body of the unfortunate woman.

The corpse was still slightly warm, showing that no great time had elapsed since her death, but the blood about was coagulated and the extremities were cold. There was a wound on the cheek-bone, one on the eye, one on the right side of the head, a peculiar star-shaped gash on the crown of the head, and other more or less severe injuries. Most of these wounds were of a nature that would bleed slowly, and the murdered woman must have lived a considerable time after she had been attacked, or so large a quantity of blood would not have flowed.

The police then commenced a careful search of the surrounding district, and one of the first things noticed was the presence of a number of footprints near the body. They commenced at a point on the road at the side of the railway opposite to the cottage, and were tracked from there across the line to the cottage and back again across the railway. The footsteps going from the cottage appeared to have been made by a man running, or taking very long strides, and the authorities became satisfied that by these marks a very handy clue to the murderer might be afforded. It appeared, in fact, as if the miscreant had gone up to the cottage to ascertain if the old woman was alone, had then recrossed the railway lines and waited there till she came out from her dwelling to close the gates for the night. The signal lamps were found quite close to the body, and the police theory was that the old woman had been attacked from behind, and at once knocked down, while going to shut the gates with the lamps in her hands. She had soon been rendered unconscious by the severity of the blows, and either the assassin had left her to bleed to death, or was satisfied of the thoroughness of his work and had gone away, believing her to be killed outright. A large stone and a large iron pin used for fastening the gates were in close proximity to the victim, and with these weapons she had probably been first assaulted. The police also made a thorough examination of the cottage, and of the small garden attached, and in the latter was found a bill-hook or slasher which belonged to the deceased and which had the marks of recent bloodstains on the handle. The garden was at the back of the cottage, and some bloody footprints led there from the body.

The deceased had been in the habit of keeping a pick-axe in the back garden, and this weapon was found under the bed and also had marks of blood upon the handle. The poor woman was in the custom of fastening the door of her cottage after her at night when she went out to close the railway gates

and an entrance had been effected by breaking the door open, presumably with this same pick-axe, for marks were found on the panel of the door which just fitted the shape of this implement. It was subsequently proved that the murderer must have returned to his inanimate victim after obtaining possession of the pick-axe, again assailed her with this new weapon, and then broken into the cottage, which was found to be much disturbed.

At the bottom of the cottage door was the mark where a man's foot had been pressed against it, as if to force it open.

The drawers in the cottage had been broken open, evidently with the same pick-axe which had been used to force the door, and some sheets, some spoons, a ring, and about seven pounds in money were found to be missing. Besides the footsteps already described, there was one footprint in the coagulated blood near the body, and this imprint must have been made some time after the blood had flowed, because had the blood been merely in a liquid state and not coagulated, it would not have retained the shape of the foot. It was, therefore, suggested that after the murderer had gone away he had returned some time later to put back the gate which had been left open across the line, and that after he had fastened the gate he had gone to see whether his victim was actually dead and had then left the print of his foot in the coagulated blood. This, however strange it may seem, is not a very unusual course on the part of some murderers of a certain type. The inclination to return to the body of the victim is sometimes irresistible, and many cases could be quoted in support of the theory that some extraordinary magnetic power draws them back to the scene of their crime. In this case the footprints were of a peculiar character. They had been made by a man wearing shoes with heavy nails in them, viz., a double row of nails round the sides of the shoes and a semi-circle of nails on each side of the sole near the toe. So much for the circumstances of the murder, and now for the murderer.

William Charlton was not a native of Cumberland, I believe. He had come into the district shortly after the institution of this particular line of railway, Newcastle to Carlisle, and I have not been able to gather many facts concerning him prior to 1859, when he entered into the service of this railway company as an engine-driver. From an old print of the period we find that he was about thirty-two years of age and of rather sinister aspect, dark and determined-looking. He was, however, steady at his work and bore a pretty good character in the district, while it may be added that his employers sent a representative who spoke highly of him at the trial. Circumstances arose, however, which made him an object of suspicion to the police who had the Dunan Hill murder in hand, though they hesitated to arrest him before securing more conclusive evidence to justify their suspicion.

It was ascertained that Charlton was well acquainted with the deceased, that he had often been in her house, was well aware of her habits and knew that she had a little money put by. In addition to this, he was familiar with the spot where the deed was effected and the surrounding district, and he was, of course, perfectly aware at what time the various trains passed the crossings.

THE OLD WOMAN WAS ATTACKED FROM BEHIND.

As Charlton drove the second morning train from Carlisle, he usually was called at three o'clock and he spent the intervening time in the engine-room. On the morning of the 22nd of November, he came to the engine-shed about twenty minutes after three, but instead of remaining there as usual, he left, saying to one of his mates that he was going home to breakfast. He lived with his wife about half-a-mile away. About four o'clock he encountered a man named Carruthers, who met him coming in a direction from the scene of murder, and who bade him "good morning" as he passed. It should be noted that had Charlton gone to his own home as he stated was his intention—it was in a totally different direction altogether—he could not have been met by Carruthers, and it was at this time that he had returned to the crossing to look after the gate and to see if his victim was quite dead.

A policeman ascertained that a man could walk from Dunan Hill to the engine-shed and back or vice versâ in some seventeen minutes. As a matter of fact, Charlton had been gone just twenty minutes before he returned to the engine-room, having, as he said, "been home and got a good breakfast." But in spite of these facts, significant of guilt, the police were averse to taking steps for his apprehension until

suspicion became strengthened, and, while keeping an eye on this man, they made all possible inquiry in other likely directions.

The murder might, of course, have been the act of a stranger, a tramp—tempted to crime by the spectacle of a lonely old woman and the probability of plunder. Indeed, that was the view of the case held in the neighbourhood, and much astonishment was expressed when the authorities at last—having perforce abandoned all other theories—arrested William Charlton, at his cottage, for the murder of poor Mrs. Emmerson.

The prisoner seemed greatly surprised and stoutly protested his complete innocence of the crime He was carefully searched and it was then found that, amongst other articles belonging to him which were examined by the police, he possessed a pair of shoes of peculiar pattern. In the soles of these shoes were found two semi-circles of small holes, marking the place where nails had been. The semi-circles corresponded in all respects with the semi-circles in the foot-

Lying dead in a pool of blood.

marks. The shoes themselves fitted the footprints, and the police began to feel that their original theory would turn out to be the correct one. A stoker came forward with a curious bit of evidence respecting these shoes He was sitting with the prisoner in the engine-shed one morning, some few days after the murder, and the accused said, "I have burnt my shoes in the pit-hole and the muds—(anglicè nails)—are dropping out." The fact that the imprint of nails had been found in the footsteps round the murdered woman's cottage was, of course, perfectly well known.

About a month after the prisoner was taken into custody, the police made a further search of the premises previously occupied by Charlton, and they were rewarded for their long and patient investigation by making an important discovery. Under the slates in the privy, at the back of the prisoner's cottage, they found fifty-two shoe-nails—called sparioles—wrapped up in a piece of paper, and these nails were of such a size and character as to make the semi-circular marks in the footprints. They had the appearance of being worn and they had scratches on them, as though they had been drawn out by pincers.

When Charlton was taken into custody and the shoes were examined, he was asked how the nails forming the crescents could have got out. He could then afford no explanation, but afterwards a diabolical idea occurred to him. Fearful that the meshes of the law would slowly but surely close in around him and that his chances of escape from man's retribution were small, he determined to endeavour to fix the crime upon another, and for this purpose hit upon his wife's brother. After he had been in custody for some time, and had heard the evidence given before the magistrate at the early examination, he volunteered a statement. He was cunning enough to see that the possession of the shoes and the drawing out of the incriminating nails were the most dangerous weapons that the prosecution could use against him.

If he could but get them to believe that another had used and worn those shoes besides himself! If he could but get them to believe that someone else had worn those tell-tale shoes on the night of the crime! He felt no pang of conscience at the idea of an innocent man suffering for his own deed. Anything and everything to save his neck! Anything and everything to preserve the wretched life which his deed had forfeited to the vengeance of man!

His statement was to the effect that he had lent those shoes on the night of Thursday, November 21st, to Thomas Robinson, his brother-in-law.

"Tom came to me," he said, "and asked for the loan of my shoes as he had got someone particular to see that night, and mine were in better condition than his boots. I was not wearing them myself, and I lent them to him, and he went away with them on. The next morning Robinson came to my place and changed back into his own. I asked him where he had been and what he had been up to, and he said, 'I have had a d——d good spree.'" In this kind way did humane Mr. Charlton endeavour to turn the scent off himself on to the innocent Mr. Robinson! But the police did not waver in their conviction that all the "credit" of the achievement belonged to Mr. Charlton alone, and they soon disposed of the prisoner's earnest attempt to trail a herring across the path of inquiry. It was conclusively proved that the story about the loan of the shoes was a fabrication from beginning to end, for Robinson happened to be miles away from Carlisle on that particular occasion, and was soon able to establish an alibi.

This attempt to throw suspicion on an innocent man told greatly against the prisoner at his trial, which took place on the 24th of February, 1862, at the Carlisle Assizes. No murder trial ever excited more interest in that town, and when Charlton was brought up to the court, strongly guarded, a rush was made for the conveyance, and it was nearly overturned. The police had to forcibly clear a path for the prisoner through the excited and surging crowd, and the accused man heaved a sigh of relief when at last he found himself in the dismal and dimly-lighted court, which was crowded to suffocation with people of every degree.

The counsel for the Crown told the story with studied moderation, and then evidence was called, but there is no need for me to go into that, as it mostly covers the ground which I have already traversed. It bore against the prisoner that he seemed either unable, or unwilling, to satisfactorily account for his time on the night of the murder. Where was he from a quarter to ten till half-past ten? At home? There was no proof of that. In the public-house at Carlisle which he used? No one could be brought forward who had seen him. In the engine-room? Yes, he had been there once—after his last journey—and had spoken to his mates. It was quite feasible and possible that the prisoner had lurked about till Mrs. Emmerson came out of the cottage about a quarter-past ten, had killed her, and robbed the premises, and had then gone home, while the evidence of Carruthers tended to show that he had returned at a quarter past four to view his handiwork and to put back the gate.

But there were weak points in the case for the Crown, and the counsel for the prisoner did not neglect to make the utmost he could of them and to cast doubt in the minds of the jury. The evidence was purely circumstantial, and counsel uttered the usual warning against regarding such evidence as infallible. The prosecution had failed to establish their case, he said, for while the prisoner was not bound to prove his innocence, the prosecution was bound to prove his guilt, and they had not produced, because they could not produce, a single person who had seen the prisoner near that spot on the night of the murder. If he waited for the old woman to leave the cottage, as the prosecution suggested, surely some passer-by connected with the railway must have seen him lurking in the shadows. But no one had. Then again look at the prisoner's conduct after the crime. Was it that of a guilty man? counsel demanded with animation. No; the prisoner was not arrested for a month after the deed was done, and during that time he had remained quietly at his work and had made no attempt to fly from the scene of his guilt. It was quite possible for the nails to have dropped

out of the shoes in the way described by the prisoner, who at first said he had accidentally burnt them. But even if that were untrue, it was no proof that Charlton had committed the murder. It was a matter of common gossip that the police were looking for a man with shoes of this particular class. Was it not reasonable to suppose that the prisoner, owning such a pair of shoes, became alarmed for his own safety, and, though perfectly innocent, removed those nails and hid them where they had been found? Such a proceeding would not be wise or politic, but they had not to deal with a highly educated man, but with one who might be expected to have an exaggerated dread of the law, and the consequences of any suspicion being directed against him. The charge against Robinson might have been prompted by the same spirit of fear in a perfectly innocent man. Some sheets and a few articles of silver had been removed from the poor woman's dwelling. Had the prosecution traced this property to the prisoner? The answer was No. More than one man might own such a pair of shoes with just such nails as those produced, and the counsel protested against a man being hanged on such feeble evidence.

I have given the nature of the defence due prominence, for it was deemed ingenious at the time, and it must have produced some effect upon the jury, for they were a very long time arriving at a verdict. Evidence as to the prisoner's former good character was called, and then the judge summed up—rather against the man in the dock it was thought—particularly remarking upon the fact that he had deliberately lied in order to prove that he had not worn the fatal shoes on the night of the murder, and adding that it was not part of the duty of the prosecution to show what had become of the poor woman's property, which the murderer might easily have done away with.

The jury, after a deliberation of five hours, returned into court with a verdict of Guilty, adding a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the prisoner's previous character.

"I never did it," said Charlton passionately, as he was led from the dock after receiving sentence, and there is no doubt that his guilt was seriously questioned by many worthy people. Considerable efforts were made to obtain a commutation of the capital sentence, but the Home Secretary refused to interfere, and it is not easy to see why such a petition, on behalf of so cold-blooded a malefactor, should ever have been put forward.

Charlton maintained his innocence until every vestige of hope of a reprieve had to be abandoned, and then he committed himself to a statement in writing, which amounts to a full confession. He said:

> "I killed old Mother Emmerson outside her cottage as she came to close the gates. I had thought of doing it some time before. She fell half-stunned after two or three blows with the stone, and then I got in the garden at the back and fetched the pick-axe. I went back and struck her two or three times with the iron pin. I forced my way into the cottage and took the money, as I knew where she kept it. I walked about for a long time afterwards, and then went to the engine-shed, and at twenty minutes to four in the morning I went back to the place and found the old woman dead."

He was hanged at Carlisle Gaol on March 15, 1862. He showed no great or real penitence, and is said to have gone to his death with wonderful calmness and composure.

So ended the Dunan Hill tragedy. An old woman done to death—a man with a previous good record publicly hanged—for seven pounds, a couple of sheets, and two or three spoons! "The pity of it, Iago!"

He Had Left the Key.

DAVID HUME had a nephew of the same name who was an advocate, and became Professor of Scotch Law, and an author of learned works on Scottish criminal law. This nephew erected in the Carlton Hill Cemetery a very massive monument, or square enclosure, in honour of his uncle, the great philosopher, on a spot at that time in full view of the passengers on the North Bridge of Edinburgh, and bearing this inscription only: "David Hume, Esq." As the workmen were completing the work, Dr. John Brown, the eminent author of the famous system of medicine bearing his name, was, with some friends, looking on, and said to the mason, "Friend, this is a strong and massy building; but how do you think the honest gentleman will get out at the Resurrection?" To which the mason answered with a smile, "Ah, I've secured that point, sir, for I have put the key under the door."

Ebenezer Ellison,

EMPEROR OF IRISH HOOLIGANS.
HIS LAST DYING SPEECH AND CONFESSION.

"Unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin."—BLAIR.

THAT amongst the ways and methods of thieves history repeats itself is very certain, for in the person of Ebenezer Ellison, the notorious Irish pickpocket, we have described by himself the very doings of our up-to-date hooligans, and the publication of his "last dying speech and confession" took place in Dublin as far back as 1725, and created a great sensation throughout Ireland, for this "emperor of pickpockets," as he was designated, was perhaps the first man to leave behind him a list of the names of burglars and street thieves of the day—a list which proved invaluable to the authorities when dealing with criminals who happened to have been known to Ellison.

Not only did he leave the names of his brother robbers and their descriptions, but he gave a full list of what were then called "setters," i.e., men who were employed to lurk about dark corners and hustle in the true hooligan style pedestrians at night, when they would give the signal for the professional thief to come up and "go over" his unfortunate victim. The punishment at that period was death, yet, in spite of the severity of the law, these gentry were more plentiful than even the genus hooligan of the present day.

Ebenezer Ellison was a most daring thief and leader of the desperate band which infested Dublin in the early part of the eighteenth century. Twice he was captured, the first time effecting his escape from the gallows, but the second time suffering the full penalty of the law.

This notorious thief had a supreme contempt for many of his fellows, and a horror of a "last speech and confession" being hawked and sung about the streets (as was the custom at executions then), for he declared that ignorant and illiterate though his brethren in crime might be, such trash as that printed and sold was enough to make a man ashamed to have such nonsense and false English charged upon him even when going to the gallows.

Ellison was, therefore, determined to write his own "dying speech and confession," which he did and had printed. It is now a very rare pamphlet (published 175 years ago), so we quote a portion of it, omitting much that would be offensive to our readers. It is unique of its kind:

> "I cannot leave the world without a short description of the kind of life which I have led for some years past, and which is exactly the same with the rest of our wicked brethren.
>
> "Although we are generally so corrupted from our childhood as to have no sense of goodness, yet something heavy always hangs over us. I know not what it is, that we are never easy until we are half drunk among our companions, nor sleep sound unless we drink longer than we can stand. If we go abroad in the day a wise man would easily find us to be rogues by our faces. We have such a fearful, suspicious, and constrained countenance, often turning back and sneaking through narrow lanes and alleys. I have never failed of knowing a brother thief by his looks, though I never saw him before. . . . . When we have got a booty, if it be money, we divide it equally among our companions and soon squander it in our vices in those houses that receive us, for the master and mistress and the very tapster go 'snacks,' and besides make us pay treble reckonings.
>
> "If our plunder be plate, watches, rings, snuff-boxes, and the like, we have customers in all quarters of the town to take them. I have seen a tankard sold worth £15 for 20s., and a gold watch for 30s. In the list which I have handed to my friend I have set down the names of several

who have made these transactions. We have 'setters' watching in corners and by dead walls to give us notice when a gentleman goes by, especially if he be anything in drink. I believe in my conscience that if an account were made of a thousand pounds in stolen goods, considering the low rates we sell them at, the bribes we must give for concealment, the extortions of alehouse reckonings, and other necessary charges, there would not remain £50 clear to be divided amongst the robbers, and out of this we must find dress and drink for our females, who in requital reward us with nothing but treachery; for, when our money is gone they are every moment threatening to inform against us if we will not go out to look for more.

"If anything in this world be like hell as I have heard it described by the clergy, the truest picture of it must be in the back room of one of our alehouses at midnight where a crew of thieves and their women are met together after a booty, and are commencing to get drunk. From that time till they are past their senses there is such a continued horrible noise of cursing, blasphemy, lewdness, scurrility, and brutal behaviour—such roaring and confusion, such a clatter of mugs and pots at each other's heads that Bedlam in comparison is a sober and orderly place.

"At last they all tumble from their stools and benches, and sleep away the rest of their night. Then the landlord or his wife—or some woman amongst us with the strongest head—picks our pockets before we awake. The misfortune is that we can never be easy until we are drunk, and our drunkenness constantly exposes us to be more easily betrayed and taken.

"This is a short picture of the life I have led, which is more miserable than the poorest labourer who works for a few pence a day; and yet custom is so strong that I am confident if I could make my escape at the foot of the gallows I should be following the same course this very evening.

"Upon the whole, we ought to be looked upon as the common enemies of mankind, whose interest it is to root us out like worms and other mischievous vermin, against which no fair play is required.

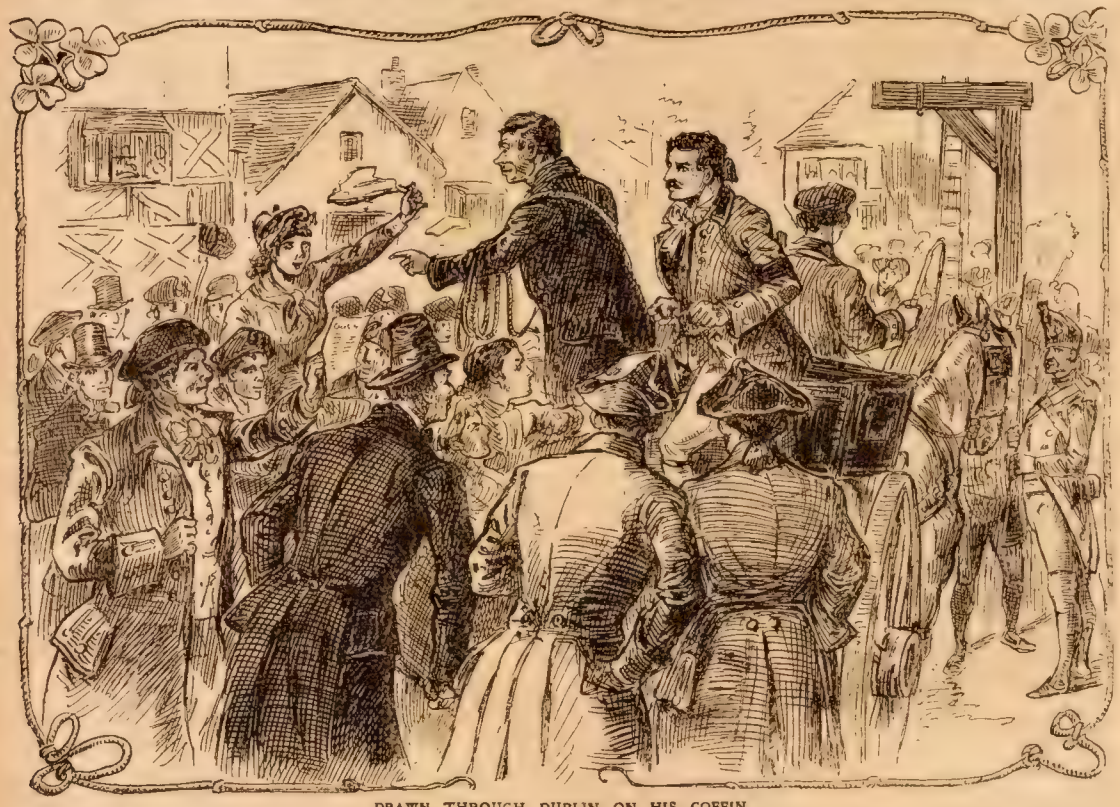
"If I have done service to man in what I have said, I shall, I hope, have done service to God, and that will be better than a silly speech made by me full of whining and canting, which I utterly despise and have never been used to. Yet such a one I expect to have my ears tormented with as I am passing along the streets to the gallows.

"Good people, fare ye well. As bad as I am, I leave many worse behind me. I hope you shall see me die like a man, though a death contrary.

"EBENEZER ELLISON."

An enormous number of people turned out to see the execution, for the pamphlet had been circulated days before, and thousands of people flocked in from the surrounding country. The thieves and their women who usually attended in large numbers, however, were conspicuous by their absence, and there was scarcely a pocket picked on the occasion.

If unable to reform himself, Ebenezer Ellison certainly did good to society by enabling the authorities to root out his fellow-criminals and punish their women, who, to use his words, "put them up to all mischief to feed their lust and extravagance, and were ten times more bloody and cruel than men."



DRAWN THROUGH DUBLIN ON HIS COFFIN.

The notorious thief went to the gallows, drawn through the streets of Dublin, sitting on his coffin, amidst the cheers of the multitude. He died with a smile on his face and a joke upon his lips, and by his pamphlet has handed his name down to posterity.

His "Fine."

A MAN was once tried before Lord Mansfield for assault, and on his being found guilty and afterwards brought up for sentence an affidavit was produced in which he stated that he was wholly unable to pay any pecuniary fine. The case was so trivial that the judge thought imprisonment an unsuitable punishment. The prisoner stood erect and dignified, having a very large pair of whiskers and moustaches, of which he was evidently very proud, and of which, it was known, he used to boast. This latter fact having been mentioned to Mr. Dunning, the counsel for the prosecution, he suggested to the court, "As the prisoner had very fine moustaches and whiskers, perhaps his lordship would take the punishment out of these, and order him at once to be shaved."

THE

MURDER of ANN COLLINS by WILLIAM RIGHT.

"Folly and Passion wed—a little time
And lo! a child is born, the infant Crime.
—STOPE, "London Lays."

THE popular idea that immorality is confined to large towns and populous cities, like most other common notions, is a fallacy. History and statistics together prove the contrary and demonstrate again and again the existence of immorality in rural retreats, so rustic and simple in their external qualities that one might suppose such neighbourhoods inhabited by no more harmful creatures than Strephon and his Phyllis. But appearances are notoriously deceptive, and, although the tiny rose-grown cottage, standing on the edge of a green plantation, and backed by the sleepy little Welsh village of Lydiard Tregog, seemed the very abode of pastoral innocence and bliss, such was far from being the actual case. The cottage was owned by a man named William Right, who subsisted on small private means. He was a man not unlearned, and of an eccentric disposition, inasmuch as he lived in open adultery with a young woman named Ann Collins.

Right, who was twice her age, met her in a remarkable fashion. He was walking the fields one evening, when he stumbled across the body of a woman lying at the bottom of a muddy ditch, her clothes torn and tattered, and she herself insensible. He turned her over, and something in the woman's face fascinated him, some indefinable charm which eludes all description struck into his heart. With Right thinking was acting, and in a moment he picked the woman up and carried her into his cottage. He placed her in an armchair near the fire and revived her with spirits.

When she recovered her senses she nearly lost them again from bewilderment at her strange surroundings. At last, however, she gathered strength and courage, and spoke.

"How have I got here?" she asked, passing her thin hands over her jaded face.

"I brought you here—you were lying insensible at the bottom of a ditch."

"Ah!—I'd been hit!"

"Tell me about it."

The woman shivered and drew nearer to the fire.

"It was some of the men. I was out with them. We had been drinking—there was a row—we fought, and I went under."

"What are you?"

"What am I? God knows what I am! I pick up what comes my way. It was all through Tom."

"Who is Tom?"

"A sailor. He led me away. I was good before that. It's three years ago now; and then when he'd ruined me he left me."

"He was a scoundrel!"

"Suppose he was. I love him, though, for all that. Funny, isn't it? Can't help loving him."

"And since he left you?"

"I've been—well, what I am."

"Have you any home?"

"Can't say I have."

"Would you like to live here?"

"Here?"

"Yes, here."

"With you?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course I would, but it seems funny, doesn't it?"

"What does?"

"You wanting me."

"I do, though."

Ann Collins laughed and flushed up a little.

"What is it, my face or my figure?"

"I don't know; it's something about you."

"Can't be my clothes, anyway, can it?"

She looked down at her torn and soiled garments, and laughed again, only this time a little bitterly. From that day forward she lived with Right as his mistress. Ostensibly she was his servant, but nobody was deceived.

Ann, in her person, can hardly be described as beautiful,

"Why, Ann, my girl, don't you know me?"

or even handsome. She was tall and somewhat thin, her hair was of a commonplace colour, her face pale, but her eyes, which were rather wide apart, were large, deep, and grey. They were fringed with unusually long lashes. She had a low-toned voice that could on occasions coo with the sweetness of the dove. Her actions were graceful and winning. Strange as it may seem from the manner of their meeting, Right grew to be inordinately fond of his new plaything. He could not bear her out of his sight, lavished all the luxuries he could afford upon her, and generally testified by his actions the sincerity of his passion.

"You do love me, don't you?" said Ann, half-mockingly, to him one day.

"Dearest, you know how I love you."

"I believe you'd almost go to the lengths of marrying me."

Right was standing near her, and put his arms around her waist.

"Little love," he said, drawing her face close up to his

lips, "little love, I've been thinking of it. Will you marry me?"

"What, you really mean it?"

"Really! Really, will you marry me?"

The girl slipped from his arms, a frightened expression on her face.

"No, no! I couldn't do that! It's good of you, but I couldn't do it!"

"Couldn't do it! What do you mean?"

"You know what I am."

"Yes, yes, but what does that matter? I love you!"

"Oh, it is good of you, but I couldn't do it!"

"Why not speak out? Don't be afraid."

"Well—oh, I don't like——"

"Speak out. You are keeping something from me. Tell me the truth."

"I can't marry you because—because I promised Tom that I would never marry anyone if I did not marry him."

heart could never be his; she had given her body, but her heart she kept sacred to another.

Right did not complain; he accepted the situation, taking some comfort in the thought that, although Ann did not love him, she had too much honesty to deceive him, in witness of which stood her confession as to the reasons which forbade her accepting his offer of marriage, and that, in return for his kindness and love, she would be faithful.

But Right did not foresee that the very agency which withheld Ann's heart from being his might possibly in the future arise and take from him the saving comfort of her fidelity. In other words, the man who held her heart might return and claim her body. This was the case.

She saw him in Lydiard Tregog early one morning, in the autumn of 1853. He was standing outside one of the beerhouses; a handsome young man, bronzed with foreign suns, with dark, flashing eyes, and rather a cruel mouth.

CROUCHING ON THE GROUND.

"And that is your reason?"

"Yes."

"That only?"

"Yes."

"My God! This scoundrel, who seduced you, only to abandon you, this wretch!—you respect your promise to him—a promise extorted by lies!"

"Yes."

Right, whose anger was gathering like a thunder-cloud, caught her angrily by the waist.

"Why, you love him—you know you do!"

"I do."

"You confess it!"

"I can't help—oh, don't be angry with me!—I can't help it. It's something in here—something in my heart that makes me love him. I know he's bad, bad as they make 'em, but I can't help it—I can't!"

William Right did not continue the conversation.

From that hour he recognised the truth that Ann's

The girl dropped her basket and seemed as if about to faint. All the colour went out of her face and she stood trembling and downcast, as though detected in some crime.

"Why, Ann, my girl, don't you know me?"

"Tom, where have you been?"

"All round the world and back. And you?"

"I've gone from bad to worse."

"What do you mean?"

"You shouldn't have left me. That's brought it all about. Oh, it was cruel!"

"Not so cruel as saying good-bye. I had to go, lass, so I just slung my hook without saying a word."

"You have made me suffer."

"No ill-feeling, I hope. Come inside and have a drink."

Ann obeyed like a docile child.

"Well, what are you doing now?"

"I'm living with a man, near here. He loves me—wanted to marry me, but I wouldn't."

"Why not, lass? It sounds queer."

"Why not! Did I not promise you never to marry anyone but you?"

Now Tom, the sailor, had quite forgotten the occasion of the promise, but he felt flattered, so pretended that he was perfectly conversant with the incident. He went away from Lydiard Tregog that night and took Ann with him, not so much out of liking for the girl as the desire of testing the strength of her love for him and flattering his insatiable vanity.

And what of William Right? He waited and waited for Ann's return, hoping against hope, until at last he felt sure that some harm had befallen her. Terrified and oppressed with numberless misgivings, he searched for her in all possible directions, and nowhere could he find Ann or any trace of her. The night came, and still Ann was absent. Days passed, and she did not return. Right had neither sleep nor peace; his days were spent in hunting for his lost love and his nights in horrible conjectures as to the fate which might possibly have befallen her. He grew haggard and wasted in hugging his self-consuming grief to his breast. Never for a moment did he suspect her of infidelity. That was impossible. The girl had the simplicity of a child; she pretended to nothing, did not even feign love for her benefactor, but acknowledged that her heart was another's. She would never play him false. Consoled in some little way by this conviction, the unhappy man did not relax his efforts to recover his lost desire.

After two weeks had passed, however, he began to recognise the futility of expending further energy on a quest that by now seemed foredoomed to failure. He could do nothing but wait—wait for what the future might bring. Death would certainly come at last, and with death forgetfulness; but until then he must live and love, and, loving, consume his spirit in the fierce fires of hungering desire.

But hope dies hard in the human breast, and—half out of fear at what might become of him should hope expire—Right clung to the last to hope's fond illusions. Ann might return yet, he thought, and everything in the little cottage was with scrupulous care kept exactly as it had been when she had been present.

Right never sat down to a meal without first laying two plates and preparing a place for the absent Ann. Her chair was ready, his heart was ready, but, alas! day succeeded day and yet she did not return.

The 18th of November was one of the coldest nights in an unusually cold year; frost was thick on the ground, and a keen, biting wind blew up from the north.

William Right sat by his solitary hearth, staring into the huge fire that blazed and crackled before him. The man had fallen into one of those mournful reveries that so constantly oppressed him now, and did not at first hear a timid tapping at the outer door. The knocking grew louder. Right was aroused. He sprang from his chair, leapt to the door, and flung it open

There, crouching on the ground, huddled in a heap, lay Ann, dishevelled and abased. With a great cry he caught her up and pressed her to his breast.

"Oh, my lost darling!—my Ann!—you have come back to me!"

"Yes! yes!"

She spoke in a thin, half-stifled voice.

"Oh, my love, what I have suffered, how I have waited, hoped, and longed for you. Thank God, thank God, you have returned!"

A dreary smile flitted across Ann's face.

"Wait, wait, before you thank God!"

"I do thank Him! Oh, I am thankful!"

He closed the door and led the girl near to the fire. She stretched forth her hands to the welcome glow and shivered.

"You will not turn me out, will you?" she said.

"Turn you out, beloved!"

"You will let me stay here?"

"Darling, what do you mean? If you but knew what I have suffered!"

"I am sorry."

"It does not matter now. You have returned!"

He clasped his arms round her and kissed her again and again.

Ann began to cry, not loudly but silently; big tears gathered in her eyes and slid down her sorrow-ravaged cheeks.

"You do not ask me why—I went away."

"No. You shall tell me all presently."

"Now."

"Why now?"

"You must know everything now. I wish it."

A certain look of alarm stole into Right's face.

"Tell me," he said quietly.

"I hardly know how to. What do you think?"

"How strangely you speak."

"Do I? I feel weary."

"Poor love! Why talk, then?"

"Because—because it must be told."

"What must?"

"Why I went away."

"Why did you?"

"I went away at the bidding of a man. There!"

"My God, Ann, explain!"

"I went away—I lived with a man."

Right covered his face with his hands. He did not speak for a moment.

"Why have you come back?"

"Because I have no home."

"He deserted you?"

"Yes."

"Not because you love me?"

"No; I do not love you."

"You speak plain. So you make me a convenience, do you? I'm your house of shelter when your lovers cast you off!"

"My lovers?"

"Yes, I call them that name."

"I have only had one lover in all my life."

"And that——?"

"Tom, my Tom—he came back again."

"God! that was the man, was it?"

"Yes. I love him, oh, so much!"

She spoke in a dreary, half-sleepy manner, more to herself than Right.

The man was transformed by anger and jealousy. He shook with passion, and his eyes glowed like coals.

"You want me to take you in, do you?"

"Yes; you see, I've nowhere else to go."

"That's it, is it?"

"Yes, that's it."

"And to think how I loved you!—gutter dirt that you are! Oh, fool! fool!"

"Yes, I'm all what you call me. I can't help it, but I am; and do you know what the worst of it is?"

"What?"

"If he—if Tom was to want me again I should go—I should have to!"

Right reeled back with a cry. The impulse of passion was on him. All his love was transformed to furious hate.

With a snarl he sprang forward and seized a knife from the table. Ann put up her hands.

"What are you doing?"

For answer he threw her to her knees, terrified and stupefied at the fury of his wrath. He cut her throat from ear to ear. The madness was upon him.

"Blood! blood! blood!" he shrieked. "We die together!" and plunged the dripping blade into his side. Some neighbours passing heard the cries, forced open the door, and summoned a doctor.

Ann was quite dead.

Right was handed over to the police, and several surgeons took infinite pains to patch him up—for the gallows.

He was tried for murder, sentenced, and condemned to death, and shortly afterwards paid the penalty of his crime on the scaffold.

Unhappy man! unhappy woman! may their sleep be deep!

A Witness of Stone.

An Eastern merchant had once lent 500 ounces of silver to a Jew, before two witnesses; but, both witnesses being dead, he saw great difficulties in proving the debt. Zadig, the lawyer, having ascertained that the silver was lent on a large stone near Mount Oreb, promised to plead the case. He addressed the judge: "My lord, it is true that both witnesses are dead, but what your lordship is asked to do is to direct that the large stone on which the silver was weighed shall be brought before the court. The Hebrew and I will stay until it arrives, and I will send for it at my client's expense." The judge consented, and took some other case to go on with, and near the rising of the court the judge asked Zadig if the stone had arrived. The Jew immediately jumped up, and, impatiently interrupting, said, "Oh, your lordship will wait long enough for that; it is six miles off, and it will take fifteen persons to remove it." Zadig then retorted, "Now, my lord, the stone, as I said, is of a truth a witness, and this Jew cannot deny the debt any longer." The judge was convinced that it was so, and ordered the Jew to be chained to the stone until he paid the debt; and the latter, being disconcerted by his inadvertent admission, at once confessed the whole truth, and paid the debt.

The Roman Police in Egypt.

AN interesting, although not particularly pleasant, insight into the social conditions of the people of Egypt at the time when that country was under Roman rule is afforded us by the ostraca which are often dug up when excavating the sites of ancient Egyptian cities.

The ostraca are inscribed pieces of pottery, varying from a few inches to a foot in length. They came into use for ordinary purposes when papyrus had become so scarce and expensive that it was only used for sacred literature, and then only very sparingly. Most of these ostraca, or potsherds, are written in Demotic, the common language of the people at that period, or in Greek, seldom in hieratic, and never in hieroglyphic. Their contents are various, for the most part they are tax-gatherers' receipts, tradesmen's bills, and contracts, but among them are a few which deal with police-court proceedings, such as summonses, subpœnas, and affidavits.

They were usually addressed to the Roman centurion, who was also the Commissioner of Police of the district in which he was stationed, or to the "stratagos," or magistrate of the province in which the plaintiff lived.

The magistrate, however, could not deal with the case at once, but had in turn to forward the document to the governor of the city.

Where the case contained a number of difficult legal complications, it was the custom not only to send a formal complaint to the centurion, but the same to the governor, the magistrate, and, in many cases, even to the King or his representative.

When application was made to the centurion only, it was simply for the purpose of securing the arrest of the offender, if he was known to the plaintiff, and if not to ask that the police should try and find him. Then, as now in the East, bribery played a great part in these transactions. If the offender was wealthy enough to bribe the police agents, he often escaped; and so we find that the person seeking police assistance in many instances offers to make it "worth their while" to catch the person "wanted."

An instructive document, and one which may serve as a specimen of the legal style generally, is preserved in the Imperial Museum at Berlin.

It refers to a theft of corn by means of a hole bored in the ceiling. As is usual with such documents, it opens with the address of the stratagos. In order to give our readers the benefit of the entire report, we here translate it in full:

> "To the Stratagos of the District of Themistos and Palemo, in the Province of Arsinoë, handed in by Aurelius Pakysis, for the son of Tesenuphis, priest of the venerable temple in the village of Soknopaios.—In the house of my step-daughter I had stored up a quantity of corn in a room which was locked. One day, while I was in Alexandria, those I left behind discovered that a hole had been made in the floor of the room above, and so through the ceiling of the room in which was my corn, and through this hole a quantity has been stolen. A report was sent to the 'archephodos' (police) of the district, and the lodgers in the room above do not deny their guilt. The police have ordered them to pay the value, but up to now they have not done it. Therefore I lay this my complaint before you in order that you may cause them to be brought before you and I may have justice at your hands. Farewell."

This document is dated 14th Tybi, according to the Egyptian calendar, which corresponds to our April B.C. 216.

It is to be hoped that the stratagos was able to obtain satisfaction for these people; but if, as is probable, the people who pleaded guilty were poor, they had to stand by their loss.

Many of the complaints which were sent in to the centurion were simply cases of theft, such as the following for example:

> "A woman named Soëris, who was ill, had made a report through her slave that a man named Satabus had stolen three camels belonging to her, but as soon as the thief had been ordered to restore them he had taken himself off. She says that she is not in a position to go to law, and even would not trouble about them, but they are down on her tax-paper, and she is afraid that she will be made to pay for them, although they are no longer in her possession."

From these two reports we can see that the administration of justice in Roman Egypt was extremely lax, and that the police were not over-zealous in their duties towards the citizens. Moreover, it often happened that the police themselves were the robbers, and cases are on record where some of the principals of the Egyptian constabulary were themselves the offenders. Of this class is the following, in which a woman who was engaged in the greengrocery business sends a complaint to the stratagos. The substance of this "application" is to the effect that the woman, whose name was Thermuthis, was alone and ill; her husband was away on business. One day the wife of the village constable called upon her, and, without any reason, commenced a quarrel, and tore her clothes and stole her day's takings, to the amount of sixteen drachmas. But there was even worse in store. On the following day the husband of the woman, the village policeman himself, appears on the scene, and, under the pretence of looking for an escaped prisoner, goes into the poor woman's house with a light, and annexes two silver bracelets, value forty drachmas.

This report closes with the request that the "stratagos" will cause the man and woman to be brought before him; but, curiously enough, there is no mention of a possible prosecution.

Another report shows a state of affairs which could only have been possible where the police themselves were as bad as those charged. From time immemorial it has been a difficult task for the tax-gatherers in Oriental countries to get payment of taxes due. This is partly owing to the poverty of the peasantry and country folk generally, and partly due to the fact that as the population shifted so often it became difficult to assess the tax. It therefore often happened, and happens to this day, that a slight balance of the taxes is always in arrears; but the following method of collecting the deficit we would hope was the exception rather than the rule:

> "It appears from one of the ostraca in the Museum of Geneva that a certain man owed a balance of a tax in grain, which had to be paid in kind. The amount due was 1 artab (about ten pounds), but the man said he had not that amount of corn in his house. Suddenly two tax-collectors appeared at his residence while he was in the field. They found his mother, whom they promptly robbed of all she had, and then beat her with sticks until she was ill."

In all ages of Egyptian history we find the stick playing an important part in the daily life of the subjects of Pharaoh. If a man has to give evidence, you use the stick to get at the truth; if a man won't work, you try the persuasive power of the rod; if a person owes you money, instead of paying you he will use the cane; and so on.

With an illustration of the power of the stick for repaying debts we will close this article, and congratulate ourselves that we are not living on the banks of the Nile in the days of the Roman Emperors:

> "A priest had appointed four persons as trustees of his property, which consisted mostly of grain. These four persons were his two sons, named Pabus and Harpalos, a man named Stotoëtis, and his wife, Tanephrommis. The two last apparently broke the seal of the barn where the grain was kept, took it out, and turned it to their own use.
>
> "'Suddenly,' to use the exact words of the ostracon, 'as we noticed what had been done, Stotoëtis, being a big man, trusted to his own strength, and fell upon us, and beat us in no mean manner.'"

Unfortunately, the potsherd has been much damaged, and so we cannot say what was the actual end of this complaint; but it shows evidently that might was right in Ancient Egypt.

A

Romance of the Morgue

MURDER OF SIGNORA BIANCA AND SUICIDE OF HER LOVER.

"Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows
Like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of man.
Love lends a little grace,
A few sad smiles; and then
Both are laid in one cold place,
In the grave."

—MATTHEW ARNOLD, "A Question."

PART II.

AND now to tell what happened after the great night at the Théâtre Français, which my friend the journalist (whom I had met so often at La Morgue) described so graphically, for he was present at Mdlle. Mars's performance on that particular night. Of course he was not at the time acquainted with the little incidents which occurred in pit and boxes, all that he gathered afterwards; but he was one of the observers of the blonde and brunette who both excited such attention. As I have already stated, he was a most popular Pressman at the time, and had an entrée into the best society, being a frequent guest at the marquis's houses both in Paris and out at his country mansion at Versailles.

It might have been a month or six weeks after the first night of Mdlle. Mars's performance at the theatre. The weather was very unsettled, and there was little driving in the Bois de Boulogne. But when the sun did shine, it was the signal for the élite of society to frequent their usual haunt and turn out in carriages or on horseback.

The young marchioness and her doting old husband were always to be found there in the mornings when the weather was at all favourable; but the curious who went there to note somebody or something which could be readily turned into an after-dinner scandal looked in vain for the splendid pair of horses which belonged to the handsome young Englishman, who at one time was never absent from the side of the beautiful Italian woman.

It was also noticed that the box at the Opera and at the Théâtre Français was rarely occupied by the pair, although the gentleman would frequently take his place there alone, whilst the keen observer would have noticed that he paid rather more attention to the box opposite than to the stage, especially when it contained the fair young woman whom the old marquis had made his wife. Again those who kept their eyes open would notice that now the young Englishman would be seen in the Bois on horseback, and, whether by accident or design, would be not far from the old nobleman's equipage. And, furthermore, those who were patient and persistently inquisitive would have noticed that as they met the elderly gentleman and the Englishman would exchange salutations, also that the beautiful marchioness would smile sweetly. And those who noted all this came to the conclusion that an introduction had been brought about.

And they were perfectly correct in their surmises. Three or four weeks after the night at the theatre, the handsome Englishman was a frequent guest at the house of the marquis, and my informant met him there on many occasions.

And now I must ask my readers to accompany me in imagination to within the walls of a house in the Place Vendôme, and listen in fancy to a conversation which, if it did not actually occur word for word, the substance of it was afterwards gathered carefully by my friend the journalist from the lips of one who took part in it, and if he has endowed it with a literary touch, so much the better.

It is midnight, and a sumptuous saloon in the Place Vendôme, gorgeous with its draperies of crimson satins, its flood of light, and its costly furniture. Seated upon a low chair is a beautiful woman. On the table are fruit and two crystal goblets filled with wine, while upon the floor is a letter that has been evidently read, crushed in the hand, and thrown down.

The occupant of this room is Signora Bianca. What a change in the woman's appearance! Not the proud and placid Bianca of the Théâtre Français, not the loved and loving Bianca of the early spring who fled to Paris with him of whom her passion had made an idol. How changed indeed!

It is now winter, and the snow is deep without, while the wind howls dismally down the chimney, sending the light ashes of the wood fire over the carpet. There is an absent look upon her still beautiful face, which is now somewhat lined. Her arms are folded tightly before her, her head rests upon her bosom, and her long, black hair, let loose, falls about her shoulders like a mantle, and touches the floor. At a glance it can be seen that her figure, once so round and majestic, has become thin and wasted. She is still beautiful, but it is a different kind of beauty to that which we looked upon when we first pictured her: it is a fearful beauty that has been scorched by passion.

Suddenly she starts up, and, pressing her hands upon her temples, paces the large saloon with hurried step, a rush of blood crimsoning her previously pale features. Her eyes flash as she suddenly comes to a standstill and passionately exclaims, "And was it for this I left my home?—for this? To be set aside and forsaken for an idle girl? For this that I forsook husband and child?—a husband who, although stern, was true. Was it for nothing more than this contempt that I abandoned all, and became a thing which men and women are privileged to pass by with scorn? Can it be that to live a few months in a fool's paradise I have flung from me all that makes life dear—honour and home and friends? Well am I paid!"

And she laughs the bitter laugh of pain as she stoops and picks up the letter, spreading it out upon the table so that she can read it again. At this moment a door is opened, and an aged female stands on the threshold. The passionate woman springs towards her, and, clasping her by the hand, drags her into the room and bids her be seated.

"You are welcome, Alba; I had forgotten that you, at least, are true to me. Come here; I have a tale to tell you, then you will know why I am changed since we came to Paris."

The woman Alba is Signora Bianca's confidential servant, born in the same fair Italian town, and had nursed her when a child. "Ay, sit on that velvet-covered chair; misery should at least be lodged luxuriously." And then the sight and voice of her old servant agitate the unhappy woman to such an extent that she bursts into tears.

And now she is more composed, and tells her story, most of which the woman is familiar with. Born of a noble house of Venice, heiress to wealth, honour, and to fame, it was the same old story. She was married to a man who was as noble as herself, and who loved her with all his heart and soul, even if his sternness and the coldness of his nature failed to disclose it. Flattery, assumed devotion, was given to her by one man, and she fell to a passion. But Alba knows all the history of her life save the last chapter. She has stood by her mistress and clung to her in her disgrace; but she is not prepared for the final revelation. That has been kept a secret, locked up in the proud Italian bosom, until it will hold it no longer. She must tell her that her lover is false; but the woman casts a doubt upon it—she cannot believe it.

"Look at yonder letter. It is from her—from the fair fiend who has robbed me of the only heart I ever cared to win—the only friend, save yourself, that my shame and my crime had left me. It tells of his betrayal of me, for that letter is a reply to one from him in which he had declared his love. I found it on his table. Do you hear me, Alba? Declared his passion for another! One victim does not suffice. He is weary of the fond wretch who has clung to him through so many tedious months; and he asks for a new sacrifice. 'Tis true the marchioness in her letter has rebuked his boldness as an insult. But that is not enough. She has robbed me of his heart, for she must have looked and listened when he talked to her as though she loved him, or he would not have dared so much. While I was dear to

him, I could have braved everything for his sake—I have done it; but now, now——" And she starts from her seat and again paces the room like a tigress.

Her woman bids her be calm, and she replies that she is now quite calm. She had guessed his falsehood for months, ever since their visit together to the Théâtre Français. She had hoped that she was mistaken; but now with that letter she finds it but too true. She knew it directly it was discovered that his father and the marquis had been great friends in Paris years ago, when that gave him the privilege to be welcomed into their domestic circle, whilst she—she was an outcast.

Then quietly Signora Bianca rises and rings a bell, and a man enters the room. From him she demands to know where his master has gone, and the answer is, to the country house of the marquis, and the servant was instructed to say that he would not return until very late.

Then, turning to her woman, she tells her that she will wait up no longer. It is on to midnight, and she is wearied by these long, tedious watchings. She will require no attendance. And as the servant is departing, madame says, "Alba, ere you sleep, say one prayer for me, and ask that the repose may be sweet and calm and dreamless. Kiss my cheek, old friend, as you used to do in my happy childhood—before I fell. Good night."

As soon as she is again alone, she takes the letter once more and reads it audibly: "I blush for you as well as for myself. Do you believe me base enough to wrong an indulgent husband? You may come to our hotel as usual; it will prevent all suspicion of your folly, and I will endeavour to forget it." And as she reads the above she exclaims, "And he is there now—now, when my heart is bursting and my brain is burning with a fire that tears can never quench. I can see how her weak forgiveness of such an insult will end at last; and shall I wait to see the drama played out to its closing scene? Never!"

And then she takes up the letter and thrusts it in her bosom, and turning from the table with her face to the light of the candelabra, two crimson spots burn in her cheeks. Quickly she passes to another apartment, and returns enveloped in a heavy, wide cloak of black velvet. Giving one long, wild look around, in which her eyes seem to embrace all the objects of the saloon, she throws the hood of the cloak over her head, and passing down the wide staircase, lets herself out into the courtyard, and touching the bell at the gate, the porter, who does not trouble to raise himself from his couch, pulls the cord, the door is released, and she passes into the street.

It will here be necessary to mention an incident which had very little to do with the crime which will be presently described, but it was related during the subsequent inquiry, and demonstrates how one little turn of events might have saved the tragic situation in this romance of the Morgue.

No sooner had the Italian lady left her home in the Place Vendôme than a carriage with a splendid pair of horses drove up to within fifty yards of the house. One of the servants dismounted and took a note from the occupant of the vehicle, and rang at the porter's lodge. With an expression of disgust, "Peste soit de cres Anglais!" the man rose from his couch and pulled the cord, admitting one of the Englishman's servants, whom, of course, he knew. Passing across the courtyard, the man made his way to his master's apartments and rang the bell. It was answered by the same attendant who had been summoned by Signora Bianca, who informed the footman that his mistress had retired to rest, but that he would place the note in the saloon. When he did so, he found there another note addressed to his master in his mistress's handwriting.

Neither of these notes was ever delivered to the parties concerned. But it will be well, in order to follow the development of the story, for the reader to be informed of their contents. The one written to her paramour contained but a few hastily-written lines of farewell. The other was a long, rambling note, saying that he was called away, and should not return for a few days.

The man was undoubtedly madly in love with the marchioness. There could be no doubt about it from the letter which came into the hands of the authorities later on, and which had been accidentally found by madame and placed in her bosom for security.

The Englishman, who frequently at this time visited the marquis's house in Paris, was invited, amongst other friends, to attend what we should call here a "house warming." A pretty little château had been purchased by the marquis for his wife as an expensive plaything, or as an occasional retreat for her from the busy dissipations of the capital. It had just been furnished, and the finishing touches had been put to its luxurious arrangements.

The young bride, delighted with her present, no sooner found that the place was ready for occupation than she persuaded the marquis to invite several of their friends to visit it and stay a few days. The young Englishman was amongst those that the unsuspicious husband placed upon his list. The invitation was given on the very evening that madame had discovered the letter, and when the painful interview with her old servant took place.

The scoundrel (for we can call him nothing else) evidently could not trust himself to go home; but it was on tracing his movements through his servants afterwards that it was discovered that he had driven from the marquis's house and ordered the coachman to go with all speed to his residence.

Stabbed in the breast.

And it may be assumed that he intended to excuse himself from accepting the marquis's invitation, and make it up with his first love. That, however, will never be known. One thing is certain, he changed his mind on the way, for he stopped the carriage and ordered his man to drive to a well-known hotel in the Rue Richelieu, where he took some wine, and wrote the note referred to, at the same time saying that he should return there that night to sleep.

Just as he had gained the centre of the bridge, the horses shied at a man who quickly passed before their heads, causing the carriage to swerve. The coachman had a firm hold upon them, however, and whipping them up, they drove back to the hotel. On arrival there the Englishman inquired what had frightened the horses, who usually were so steady to drive.

"Please you, sir, we heard a splash; and somehow horses always smell out death when it's a-doing. For I don't doubt, sir, for a moment that it was some of these French people

a-throwing themselves into the river; they're always at it. I've been plenty of times to the Morgue, and always see plenty there," replied the servant coolly.

And so he retired to rest at the hotel in the Rue Richelieu, satisfied that with a letter he had put off the sight of the signora's tears. Had he known what produced the sound which startled his affrighted horses, he would have learned at the same time that he had no longer those tears to dread.

The following day was bright and frosty, and at ten o'clock he was driving away into the country. No doubt the man's selfish mind was full of nothing but the pleasure he should experience in meeting the fair young marchioness. He was, possibly, thinking of the joy of being under the same roof with the woman he thought he loved, for days, possibly for weeks, and of seeing her at all hours. How could he forego the prospect of such happiness for a thousand women like her whom he had ruined?

Everything, as might be imagined, was done to entertain the guests by the marquis and his young wife, and the day passed very quickly and delightfully. There was so much to see and admire, whilst the company were in the highest spirits. Towards the evening fresh guests arrived for dinner, and amongst them our old friend the fashionable Pressman,

HE WAS GALLOPING FURIOUSLY AWAY TOWARDS PARIS.

who was invited presumably for the purpose of describing in glowing words the reception at the new château, and possibly had he not been there we should never have before us one of the most dramatic scenes in this extraordinary case which agitated society in the "gay city" for months afterwards.

Having his Press business to attend to, our friend did not arrive at the château until some hour or so before dinner. As usual, he was seized upon, by the ladies in particular, for the latest news of the day, which, of course, they had missed, having driven out of Paris at such an early hour. One of the society ladies who always made a dead set at the journalist was a coquettish young baronne, bosom friend of the marchioness.

Our friend was chilled by his long journey by road, for it was freezing hard, so he was installed in a comfortable lounge chair near the fire, whilst the petite baronne laughingly inquired the news he had brought from the city, whence they had been absent so many hours. This he at once did, choosing the subjects which were of a personal and fashionable character, which the company before him revelled in, and creating plenty of fun. Then, suddenly becoming very serious, he exclaimed, "But the news of the day is an affair which has set all Paris talking, and society at a high pitch of fever heat. A most beautiful young woman was found in the Seine this morning after you left the city."

"Some little grisette, I suppose?" carelessly inquired the baronne.

"By no means," replied the journalist. "On the contrary, my curiosity was so much excited by what I heard of her excelling beauty and the richness of her attire that, had I been able to permit myself to lose one hour of your charming society, I should have certainly gone to La Morgue in order to satisfy myself that the accounts were not exaggerated. Poor creature! It must have indeed been a bitter sorrow which made her select such a death in this inclement weather." And our friend says that he involuntarily shivered as he sat by the warm blaze of the fire, surrounded by luxury and comfort, at the idea of being in the river at such a season.

"It is indeed most dreadful to reflect upon," said the young Englishman "I wonder whether it was this wretched girl's death-plunge that scared my horses upon the bridge last night as I was leaving my hotel."

"No, I think that hardly probable; because it is asserted that this poor creature has been murdered, and her body thrown into the river. It is said that she had been stabbed in the breast by a stiletto, or some sharp instrument. But we shall know more about this dreadful affair to-morrow."

"A love affair, without doubt," observed one of the company.

"I will bet anyone a thousand francs——" commenced another to remark.

"Nay, nay, make no bets upon such a subject," said the Englishman. "It is too terrible! But have they obtained no clue to her identity? If she be a gentlewoman, it cannot surely be difficult to trace her connections, or to recognise her person."

"All was mere curiosity and conjecture when I was informed of the circumstances," said the journalist. "One or two persons are stated to have said that they knew her well, and remembered having seen her in Paris for several months, but as none of them could tell who she was, no reliance was placed on their assertions, though the general impression seems to be that she is a foreigner."

Dinner was served, and for the time the subject dropped; but it was ultimately resumed by the Englishman. "You did not, then, sir, see the unfortunate lady?"

"No; as I said, time failed me; but a friend on the staff of our paper gave a most vivid description of her person and costume, which will appear in to-morrow morning's edition.

That, as madame guessed, it is a love tragedy, there is every reason to believe, for there was a white kid glove, richly embroidered with silver, which the experts say did not belong to her, for it is too small, found with a letter in her bosom. The conclusion is that it belonged to a rival."

According to our friend the journalist's account, matters began to get very interesting in the young marchioness's new château. At the mention of the glove the Englishman sank back in his chair with a look of horror, whilst he fixed his eyes upon the lady of the house. At first the company did not notice him, for this latest touch of romance introduced into the subject had riveted attention. But when the narrator of the particulars went on to say that the beautiful woman lying in La Morgue was attired, when drawn from the river, in a dress of black velvet, which was gathered together in heavy folds about her waist, where it was clasped by a large emerald, that there was a miniature portrait suspended from her neck, and a large cloak of similar material to her robe——

Then the journalist's description was abruptly terminated by the emission of a wild, wordless, gurgling sound from the young Englishman, who then started from his seat and rushed from the room.

It so happened that as he rushed frantically into the courtyard for air, one of his own horses was standing at the door. His valet had ridden over post haste to tell him the dreadful news.

"It is indeed true, sir! My lady is——"

With a shrill yell which brought the servants and the company to the door, the Englishman sprang into the saddle which had just been vacated by the groom, and before the astonished guests had realised what had occurred, he was galloping furiously away towards Paris.

The consternation of the company as they heard the true story from the groom may be better imagined than described. He said that it was the lady who had accompanied his master from Italy. Then a spasm of horror struck the marchioness. Could the glove found be one of hers which the Englishman had once playfully wrested from her as a souvenir of their happy moments. The hostess was so upset that she had to retire, and the party of pleasure was at once transformed into one of intense gloom and dismay.

The night was far advanced when the Englishman reached the barrier of the capital, where he was stopped, the man on duty no doubt taking him for a runaway lunatic. An explanation and a gold coin got over the difficulty, and having somewhat recovered from the excitement by his ride through the frosty air, he moderated his pace and made his way direct to La Morgue.

What must the man's thoughts have been? Surely some of his better nature should have come out during that journey. Remorse and a dozen other feelings must have come into his brain. She whom he loved at one time, as much as he had wronged, he acknowledged to himself now, when it was too late, he had abandoned by his neglect to death. He must have felt that he was morally her murderer. And how did she die—with the knowledge that he had abandoned her? In the black darkness of a winter's night she had been done to death. By whom? Such thoughts as these must have passed through the mind of the conscience-stricken man if he were human. No wonder that ere he reached the chamber of death he was in a state of semi-madness. He surely cursed himself, for had she never known him she would have been living, honoured, happy; had he even been true to his victim she would still have existed. But now what was she?

By this time he was in the immediate neighbourhood of the death cell. Day was dawning, and the tall houses of the streets looked like spectres starting from the snow, and the sluggish Seine was half obscured by the dull vapours which hung about it. It must have made him shudder. By himself he hurried on, for he was now on foot, having left his horse at the hotel in the Rue Richelieu, at which he had stayed on the night when the foul deed was committed. The truth lay before him, and he must learn it all or become a raving maniac.

The custodian of the Morgue was standing at the door smoking his pipe. He knew intuitively that the man who was making his way so lightly clad (for he was in evening dress), bare-headed, and almost frenzied, could have no other end than death. The visitor to the dead entered without a word being spoken, and there he stood before the glass panel as motionless as the solitary corpse, for it so chanced that the Italian was the only tenant at the time. What a picture did he gaze upon; to him terrible in its beauty and grandeur.

Upon the slab lay the body of this magnificent woman—cold, stiff, pale—a scanty, thin covering veiling the graceful limbs whose outline could be traced through the unseemly shroud. Her face was bare, and so beautiful in its rigidity that it might have belonged to a piece of statuary had not the long, raven hair trailed, dark and heavy with water, about her shoulders. Above her head hung her black velvet cloak and dress. It seemed that she had brought her own pall. Beside her were displayed her jewelled clasp, the diamond she wore on her finger, and the miniature which once encircled her neck—all presents from him.

He was dazed. For ten minutes he stood there fascinated, but unable to comprehend that she was lost to him for ever. At length he was aroused by the custodian, and with a vacant stare he left the place. His brain had been turned.

* * * * * *

Three hours later another corpse lay on the slab. It was that of the young Englishman who had created such a sensation some nine months previously with his beautiful companion, whose identity was so shrouded in mystery.

They were now companions in death.

There is little more to tell, for although two men were arrested who had been shadowed by the police for months, and who were frequently in the company of an Italian, no conviction could be made, and it was not until at least five years later that one of these men confessed to the priest on his death-bed that they had been engaged by an Italian and supplied with abundance of money for the purpose of taking the life of the young Englishman, the foreigner having watched the every movement of the woman.

The whole affair at the time was hushed up. There were too many of the aristocracy concerned. The authorities had a very large sum of money paid them to inter the bodies in Père-la-Chaise, and the marquis realised the goods and property belonging to the Englishman and his papers were sent here.

My old friend, who had daily been a caller at the Morgue for twenty years, and who had formerly been the celebrated journalist who had noted the intricate details of this case, certainly well described it when he termed it a Romance of the Morgue.

A Barbarous Custom.

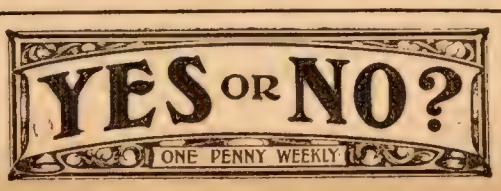
IT was the custom at one time to try prisoners in chains, and it was Chief Justice Holt who put down the revolting practice. On seeing one man at the bar loaded with fetters, he exclaimed, "I should like to know why the prisoner is brought in ironed! If fetters were necessary for his safe custody before, there is no danger of rescue or escape here. Let them be instantly knocked off. When prisoners are tried they should stand at their ease."

The Priest and the Pig-Stealer.

AN Irish priest who was visiting a prisoner convicted of having stolen a pig was determined to open the eyes of the convicted man to the guilt of his conduct, and wound up by saying, "Oh, Pat, what do you think will be your feelings at the Day of Judgment, when you meet Widow Maloney and the pig you stole from her face to face?". "Does your riverence say that the pig will be there?" "Ay, indeed will he, Pat. And what will ye say then?" "I will say, your riverence, 'Mrs. Maloney, here's the pig that I borrowed off ye, and it's mighty glad I am to have this opportunity of returning the cratur.'"

The Scotch Drinking Judge.

A PRISONER was once tried before Lord Hermand, a Scotch judge (noted for his heavy drinking habits) and three other judges. The man was charged with killing his companion in a drunken brawl, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to a mild term of imprisonment by the judges who sat with Lord Hermand. That gentleman, however, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was strongly in favour of sending the man to Botany Bay. "We are told," he said, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor. In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night, and yet he stabbed him after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him. Good God, my laards, if he will do this when he is drunk, what will he not do when he's sober?"



THE Arrest of Avinain.

HOW ONE OF THE MOST BRUTAL OF MURDERERS WAS CAPTURED IN A PARIS SEWER.

"Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When what t'oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind."

POPE, "Essay on Man."

IN the days anterior to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war Paris was not nearly such a large town as it is now. The outskirts were not covered then with neat villas, the spots where the Seine enters and leaves the metropolis were not fashionable suburbs, with expensive maisonettes surrounded by well-kept lawns. On the contrary, the banks of the great river were lined with very squalid hovels, tenanted by the very dregs of the people.

In the year 1867 M. Claude —"Papa Claude," his familiars called him—was the head of the Paris police, and even to-day he is remembered as one of those master-minds which have made the French detective force so universally respected throughout the world. M. Claude hated mysteries, as long as they were mysteries; when he had had the solving of them he revelled in remembering them. During the early half of the year 1867 Papa Claude was confronted by a mystery that worried him. He thought and thought, but he never seemed to be nearing the solution.

Put in a nutshell, the matter was this. Not a month passed without a selection of human remains being recovered from the Seine. Whole bodies the Commissary did not mind, they were generally those of suicides, but he objected to a leg being found one day, a head the next, and a disembowelled trunk a little later on. It was clear that some inhuman assassin was at work, but Papa Claude could not lay his finger on him. This annoyed him. Possibly he himself might be the next victim. The whole affair was uncanny.

Every day when M. Claude went to the Morgue to have a look at the unsavoury museum kept there, the several limbs seemed to mock him, and he turned away in disgust. When a fresh addition had been made to the collection he left in anger.

One thing, however, struck him. The joints of human flesh had all been cut off with a certain amount of skill. They were not hacked apart, as would be done by an unskilled hand, but were neatly disarticulated. To obtain further light on the question, Claude called in several doctors and asked their opinion as to whether the dismemberment was the work of a medical man. The physicians examined the decomposing masses and said that it was probably the result of the operations of some prison surgeon, who had been experimenting on the corpses of prisoners who had died while under his charge.

Rather relieved by this Papa Claude sent for several of the principal doctors attached to the Parisian prisons and taxed them with having thrown fragments of bodies into the river after they had used them for dissection. The doctors denied having done any such thing and demanded the name of the person who had so traduced their characters.

"See, here is your work!" exclaimed Claude, with some little pride. The medicos looked at the limbs, trunks, and heads collected in a gruesome heap in the Morgue—that was before the days of the refrigerating system now in vogue—shuddered, and vowed that no doctor, prison or otherwise, was responsible for the mangled remains. They even pointed out to the Police Commissary the fact that in the severance several important structures, which would be the only ones a qualified medical man would be at all interested in, had been ruthlessly destroyed. That satisfied Papa Claude, and he reverted to his theory that a murderer was at work. But where was he to find him?

M. Claude had just reached this point when one of his subordinates told him that he had discovered four different shanties on the banks of the Seine, which, he believed, had been occupied by the unknown assassin at different times. Claude immediately went with the inspector to look at these places. He found that they were really little more than sheds, being the veriest hovels, but in each case the building was adjoining a byre, or outhouse in which fodder was stored. That was a revelation to the chief of police, who knew the peculiarities of almost every notorious criminal by heart, and he was perfectly well aware of the only one of them who made a study of stealing fodder. As he said to himself, "If one had been near a straw shed, or two, well, it might be an accident. But all four! Think of that, mon vieux!"

But knowing the name of the criminal and catching him were two very different things, and while Papa Claude was cogitating on the best means of getting hold of his quarry news was brought that some more remains had arrived at the Morgue, and that a countryman had identified them. Claude hurried off to the deadhouse as fast as he could, and there saw the now familiar sight of a collection of limbs and a trunk lying on one of the slabs. There was no head, but a yokel who was standing by, weeping, said that he was sure the remains were those of his father, a M. Duguet, who had been missing for several days. He could recognise him by the peculiar formation of the hands, which had been left intact. The Paris police are always very chary of accepting the word of one person only, for they have been misled so often in the matter of identification. However, Duguet was so positive that the remains were those of his father that Claude took him before a juge d'instruction, or examining magistrate, at once, and his deposition was taken down.

The countryman said that on the 28th of June his father had left his farm at Long-Perrier, some little distance out of Paris, with a heavy load of hay, intended for the market at La Chapelle. At the mention of hay Claude's ears pricked up. Some little distance from his destination he had been met by an elderly man who proposed that the farmer should not go as far as La Chapelle, but sell him the load at once. Père Duguet agreed, and then the stranger said that he had not got the money with him there, but if the farmer would

"See! here is your work!"

accompany him to his home he would then be paid. Duguet agreed, and the cart was driven to a shanty close to the banks of the Seine, where the horse was taken out and placed in a little shed.

Before paying the old man suggested that the two should go and have dinner, and the farmer accepted readily enough. Then, as it was too late to unload that night and get back to

Long-Perrier, the old man offered to give the farmer a bed for the night. This old Duguet accepted, and while he was asleep he was struck on the head with a heavy hammer, his body cut up and thrown into the river. The load of hay was driven off on the following morning.

"But as you know all about it," said Claude, "perhaps you have done the deed yourself."

"Not at all. I have been told by Père Lecomte, a neighbour, who was once nearly had the same way," replied young Duguet.

Immediately search was made for Farmer Lecomte, who told the Commissary that not so very long before he had been taking a load of hay to the market, and was met by an old man, "He must be at least seventy years of age, but he is very powerful for one so old," he added. "He offered to buy my hay, took me home, persuaded me to stay the night, and I woke up with a terrible buzzing in my head. He was standing over me with a hammer in his hand. He had struck me one blow, and the blood was running down my face and blinding me, but I caught him by the wrist, and, after a fight, got hold of the hammer. Then he ran out of

THE CULPRIT SUDDENLY DISAPPEARED THROUGH A TRAP.

the shed, and I have never seen him since. I brought the hay home at once."

An inquiry among the gendarmerie brought to light the fact that Lecomte's assailant had been seen. And shortly after the farmer had made his complaint they had even caught a glimpse of him in his premises in the Avenue Montaigne, where he had taken Lecomte to. They had forced an entrance, but when they got in not a trace could be seen of the suspect. However, from the description, meagre it is true, which the officers were able to furnish of the man they had seen, Claude recognised that he was right in his surmise that the murders were the work of one Charles Avinain, a butcher by trade, who had followed a career of crime for thirty-three years. Even at that very moment he was supposed to be living at Torcy under police supervision, having only returned from the penal settlements at Cayenne some twelve months.

Claude at once started off to see what information he could get from Madame Avinain, who was a respectable body and supported herself and daughter by doing needlework.

Mme. Avinain told the officer that since his return from the convict station her husband had only paid her a couple of visits. The first time he was in great destitution, and they were all very sorry for him, but the second time he seemed very prosperous.

Claude then set off for the premises in the Avenue Montaigne, having had all the four domiciles which the wanted man was supposed to use, surrounded by the police.

Though a little man, Papa Claude was very plucky, and he was very anxious to capture this desperate ruffian himself, so while he told his men to keep a sharp look out round the house, he entered it himself, accompanied by only a single detective. Without any ceremony the Chief of Police pushed open the door and entered.

In the middle of the room stood Charles Avinain, a tall, well-set-up man, in spite of his seventy years.

M. Claude was just advancing towards him and commencing the formula "I arrest you, Charles Avinain," when the culprit suddenly disappeared. For an instant the Commissary was astounded. Then he saw that in the floor was a cunningly-devised trap, made so neatly that unless he had actually seen Avinain disappear he would not have suspected its existence, down which the fugitive had escaped.

Calling his men to come to his assistance, Claude quickly forced the trapdoor open, and descended into the dark hole thus opened. It was a brave thing to do, for he could not have known at what point the murderer might have been lying in wait to deal him a blow on the head.

Inspired by the courage of their superior, the detectives followed, and, after descending some twenty steps, they found that they were in one of the sewers of Paris.

The question, then, was which way had he gone? Undoubtedly Avinain would make for the sewer outlet, so as to get back into broad daylight. So along the reeking tunnel the police, always headed by the intrepid Claude, hurried. Their feet slipped on the slimy brickwork; they were almost suffocated by the noxious gases which filled the place; but in the distance they could hear the splashing of the murderer as he tried to make for freedom. Nearer and nearer they got, while Avinain called back jeers at them, for he knew the sewers well, while the little band of detectives had never been in them before.

"Halt!" cried Claude to the criminal. "Why are you not living at Torcy?" But Avinain knew that it was not because he was not staying at his registered address that all this trouble was being taken, and gaily replied, "Because I prefer the air of the sewers, M. le Commissaire. Don't you find it blows fresh down here?" At that moment the Chief

of Police came to a crossing in the tunnel, and for a moment he was checked, not knowing which turning to take. However, he was too cunning to be baffled by a trifle like that. He knew that if he stopped the fugitive would hear that he was not being pursued, and would not reply to any jibes, so he continued to stamp while he shouted after Avinain: "Will you report yourself at Torcy if we let you go this time? I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't have the chance, M. le Commissaire," retorted Avinain. That was all that Claude wanted. From the sound of the voice he knew which passage the culprit was in. Then he hurried on, slipping, stumbling, choked by the filthy atmosphere. At last he reached his quarry and called on Avinain to surrender. The reply was a severe blow in the face. Then little Papa Claude closed with his assailant, and a furious fight began in the bowels of the earth. The butcher grasped the Commissary by the throat and tried to strangle him, while Claude strove to get the handcuffs on the wrists of the murderer. Both slipped and fell into the slimy abomination at the bottom of the sewer. Other detectives came to the rescue, and for a time they did not dare to join in the fray for fear of hurting their superior, for they were in darkness save for an occasional match which gave off a blue, sulphurous light, and only rendered the darkness less intense.

"Never mind me! Secure him!" gasped out the Commissary at last, and a whole band of gendarmes flung themselves on the struggling mass in the filth at their feet. They could not see who they were handcuffing, but at last, with the assistance of seven, Avinain was secured. Even then it took the united efforts of all seven to drag him back to the spot where they had entered the sewer.

It was a sorry procession that emerged from the building in the Avenue Montaigne. There was the prisoner, in irons, fighting still, in spite of his seventy years and silver hair; the Commissary, covered with filth and slime from head to foot, his face badly bruised, his clothes torn, but with the air of a conqueror, and the band of detectives, all more or less bedraggled. Still Avinain was captured.

He made no bones about the crimes he had committed, with the sole objection that he refused to permit anyone to speak of his feats of dismemberment as "cutting up the bodies."

"Pardon me," he invariably exclaimed, "I did not cut up my victims; I dissected them."

Of course, he was found guilty, and in due time was led out for execution. When the assistants of M. de Paris commenced to make preparations for beheading Avinain, the convict bullied them, declaring that they were so awkward that they had been forced to take to that trade for want of a better. "Cannot you make haste? I should never bungle like that. Ask those I have killed. Bah! You fools! You want a man to kill a man!"

Asked if he had any request to make, he said:

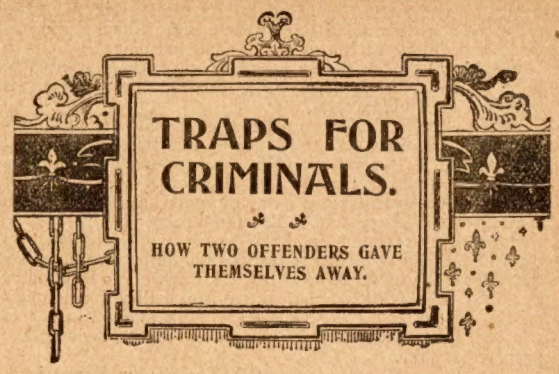
"My last request, eh? Bury me besides Lemaire. He was the only man I have ever admired." Lemaire was a particularly revolting paricide, who had been guillotined some time before. The request was not granted. In a few moment the knife fell, and Avinain, one of the most callous of murderers, had ceased to live. The only good thing that can be said of him is that he died bravely.

Well Paid for Their Trouble.

HORNE TOOKE once defended a case brought against him by Mr. Fox for the expenses of the Westminster election petition, and began his address to the jury as follows: "Gentlemen, there are here three parties to be considered—you, Mr. Fox, and myself. As for the judge and the crier, they are sent here to preserve order, and they are both well paid for their trouble."

A Remarkable Countenance.

IN the year 1770, when Charles Yorke was returned Member for Cambridge University, he felt it to be his duty to go round among the members of the senate and thank those who had voted for him. Among these was a gentleman who was noted for having the largest and ugliest face that had been seen by the men of his generation. The experienced counsel addressed him thus: "Sir, I have great reasons to be thankful to my friends in general, but confess myself under a particular obligation to you for the very remarkable countenance you were kind enough to show me on this occasion."



TRAPS FOR CRIMINALS.

HOW TWO OFFENDERS GAVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

VERY little of the romance of detective work is allowed to transpire in police and assize courts. Sometimes a clever police ruse is recorded by the prosecuting counsel, but as a general rule the artful wiles which are employed by thief-catchers are kept very dark indeed.

There was a very fine instance of this at the Old Bailey a couple of months ago. An official employed by the Westminster City Council stood in the dock charged with blackmailing a Soho restaurant keeper. During the course of the trial it was stated that the prisoner committed himself in the hearing of a detective inspector who was concealed in the room in which the incident occurred, a table forming his hiding-place.

It may be said that there is not much cleverness in that, neither is there, but the inside circumstances of the case show that the detective had to exercise a great deal of ingenuity before he could get under the table without arousing the suspicion of the blackmailer, who it may be taken for granted was more than careful as to the surroundings of the place in which he contrived the negotiations with the proprietor of the restaurant.

To commence with, the official invariably called at the restaurant about mid-day, and the interviews with the owner always took place in a disused dining-room. In this apartment, standing close to the walls on either side, were three small tables, large enough for a man to lie beneath, but not of sufficient breadth to allow him to conceal himself.

The blackmailer's first proceeding at the interviews was to walk the full length of the room, casting inquiring glances on either side, for naturally a man engaged in such an undertaking is suspicious of everyone and everything.

Seeing that the room was clear and that there was no chance for eavesdroppers to overhear anything that was said, the blackmailer would open up the subject of his visit. The restaurant keeper was a wise man, and brought the matter to the notice of the police authorities, who detailed a detective inspector, well known in the "C" Division, to effect an arrest if sufficient evidence could be obtained. If the arrest had been effected then it was only the restaurant keeper's word against the official's, and a detective had to contrive by hook or by crook to be present or at least within earshot at the next meeting.

So the police officer inspected the scene of the blackmailing negotiations. He at once saw that he had no chance of concealing himself in the room, and no opportunity of overhearing from the outside anything that was said inside.

Thus opportunities had to be created.

Next door to the room in which the conversations had occurred was a bedroom, naturally only occupied at night.

To a certain extent this gave the detective an idea. He learned from the restaurant keeper that the next interview, the one at which the money had to be handed over, had been fixed for 1.30 in the afternoon, the time of all the other conversations. At that time of day (it was November, by the way) the disused dining-room was, saving the existence of a fog, fairly light. "Now, when the official (the blackmailer) comes," said the detective, "you must be out, and one of your servants must tell him that you have gone to raise the money, as he has suggested, and will be back at 4.30 in the afternoon. The interview, to avoid raising his suspicions, must take place in the same room as usual, and the place shall be prepared for his reception."

The detective arranged that on the afternoon appointed for the interview the restaurant keeper's children should invite some other children to tea with them, and also placed a

board covered with black cloth inside the legs of the three tables on the right hand side of the room. Some thick curtains were hung at the windows, and in the twilight of a November afternoon the space under the tables appeared to be in black darkness; at any rate, no sight of the detective's hiding-place could be seen.

The detective also arranged that at the time of the interview the room in which the latter was to take place should be occupied by several children, whilst some other kiddies were to be at play in the adjoining bedroom. The restaurant keeper was also instructed as to the part he should play in the matter. He was told to ask the blackmailer upstairs to make a show of going in the bedroom, where the children would be discovered, then to go into the dining-room, where the other children would be found. These were to be bundled out into the bedroom, and the unsuspecting blackmailer would, it was believed, give himself away in the hearing of the detective, who would be snugly ensconced beneath the prepared tables.

Everything fell out as arranged. The blackmailer arrived, went to the bedroom and dining-room, and, seeing the children, had no idea that anyone was concealed beneath the tables. The damning statement and arrest followed in a few minutes, and the sentence at the Old Bailey in a month or so.

The trap was a difficult one to set, but when it was sprung the result justified the trouble which had been taken.

In the second case a man who had robbed his employers, a firm of West-end jewellers, of a great quantity of precious stones, was arrested after a long investigation and placed under lock and key. But search as they would the only trace of the "swag" which the detectives could find was one ring, which had been given by the thief to a lady friend.

In the course of his investigations one of the detectives learned that the prisoner before his arrest had been down to Guildford, and a journey was made to that town to find out if any of the stolen goods had been pawned there. Nothing came of the search, and it was only after some days had elapsed that the officer was struck by an idea that the thief may have buried his swag. To Guildford again went the detective, and at every ironmonger's in the town (there are not many, by the way) he inquired if within the past few weeks a man whose portrait he had with him and which he produced had purchased a trowel or any other digging tool.

At last he was rewarded with success, and he discovered a man who had sold to the original of the photo an ordinary garden trowel. "Did he buy anything else?" queried the detective, thinking that the thief might not have had a receptacle in which to place the jewels, and it was with delight that he heard the shopman remark, "Yes, he took one of these cash-boxes." "Well, I'll take one also," said the detective, and by the next train he was back in London.

For a couple of days or so the cash-box reposed under the soil in the detective's back garden. Then it was dug up slightly rusted and much besmeared by earth, and taken to the police court where the prisoner was appearing that morning on remand.

Into the cells went the detective with his burden, and, placing the cash-box before the astonished prisoner, he said, "Now, what do you think of it?"

The thief rapped out an oath, and wanted to know who had given away his secret, and in a few minutes the detective had gathered enough information to set him on the track of the buried jewels. But the prisoner, seeing that the game was up and hoping to reduce his sentence, volunteered to give all the help in his power, and next day guided the officer to the spot just outside Guildford where the jewels, locked in a cash-box, had been deposited in the keeping of Mother Earth.

Erskine's Only Severe Remark.

LORD TENTERDEN, being a witness at a trial for the prosecution at Maidstone Assizes of some well-known lawyers for seditious riot, was examined immediately after a Bow Street runner, and gave an evasive reply to a question put by Mr. Erskine, who cross-examined him. Whereupon Erskine said, "Sir, I should have been ashamed of that Bow Street runner if he had given me an answer like that," a remark which was said to have been the only severe one that Erskine ever made.

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DAINTY NOVELS

ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Hanged, Buried, and Revived.

A POOR piper, named John Baxtendale, was tried at the York Assizes in the year 1534 for felony, and was sentenced to be hanged outside Micklegate Bar, York. He was duly turned off, and after being suspended for three quarters of an hour was cut down and buried under the gallows-tree, the place whereon it was erected being then open country. In the afternoon of the same day a Mr. Vavasour, of Hazlewood, was riding by, and thought he observed a curious heaving of the earth. He at once dismounted, and, with the assistance of his servant, examined the spot, threw aside the earth, and found the piper still breathing. They at once pulled his naked body out of the grave, gave him a drink of brandy and water, and, covering him with a cloak, carried him to Mr. Vavasour's house, where he soon came to himself, rubbed his eyes, looked round, and, discovering where he was, received the congratulations of a crowd of friends and sympathisers. He was then conveyed to York Castle, and at the next assizes it was deemed a nice point of law whether he could again be sentenced after the sheriff had given his certificate that the man was dead and buried. The judge was applied to for a fresh warrant, but his lordship said that it was a visible interposition of Providence on behalf of the piper, and it would be impious for anyone to attempt to thwart it. The piper became an ostler, and lived a great many years after.

O'Connell's Satirical Defence.

A MR. BOYLE was once charged with assaulting and breaking two ribs of the sheriff during a crush on leaving the theatre, and O'Connell was briefed for the defence. It was in the days when the juries were packed, and the whole affair was a pure accident. The great Irish counsel told the jury that he had just received his brief, and scarcely knew what it was about, and that he neither meant to call witnesses nor to make any speech on behalf of his client, but he would tell them a story which would please such an impartial jury as he now saw before him. Some years ago he was present at a trial at the assizes at Clonmel, when a man was charged with the murder of a neighbour at a fair, there being a long-standing quarrel between them. The facts seemed very strong against the prisoner, but when called upon for his defence he said he had a witness. To the astonishment of the court, this witness was the alleged murdered man himself, who told how he had received a hint that he would be arrested under the Whiteboy Act, and for this reason he disappeared, and kept hidden till he heard of the prisoner being put upon his trial for murdering him, and then he could not keep quiet any longer. The judge at once told the jury that it was quite unnecessary to charge them. They asked to be allowed to retire, and in a couple of hours returned with a verdict of guilty. "Good God!" said the judge, "of what do you say he is guilty? Surely not of murder?" "No, my lord," said the foreman, "but if he did not murder that man, sure he stole my grey mare three years ago." The jury were convulsed with laughter at O'Connell's story, and when it had ceased the great Dan continued as follows: "So, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not wilfully assault the sheriff, he has libelled the Corporation. Find him guilty by all means."

The jury were not too dense to see the satire, and were shamed into a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

LEWISHAM.—You are right. "Rattler" Morgan met his well-deserved fate on the gallows in February, 1896.

QUI HAI.—The Gackwar of Baroda was only deposed in 1875 for his attempt to poison the British Resident, Col. Phayre, with diamond dust.

YANK.—The first woman to be executed in the electric chair was Mrs. Place, who murdered her step-daughter. She was electrocuted in March, 1899.

R. T. L.—Possibly the execution in which the rope stretched and to which you refer was that of Edward Sharpe, who was hanged at Gloucester in May, 1879, for the murder of Lucy Derrick.

DUBIOUS.—Not only is a convict on ticket-of-leave debarred from sitting in Parliament, but he is also prevented from holding any position of trust, no matter what the offence was for which he was sentenced.

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